

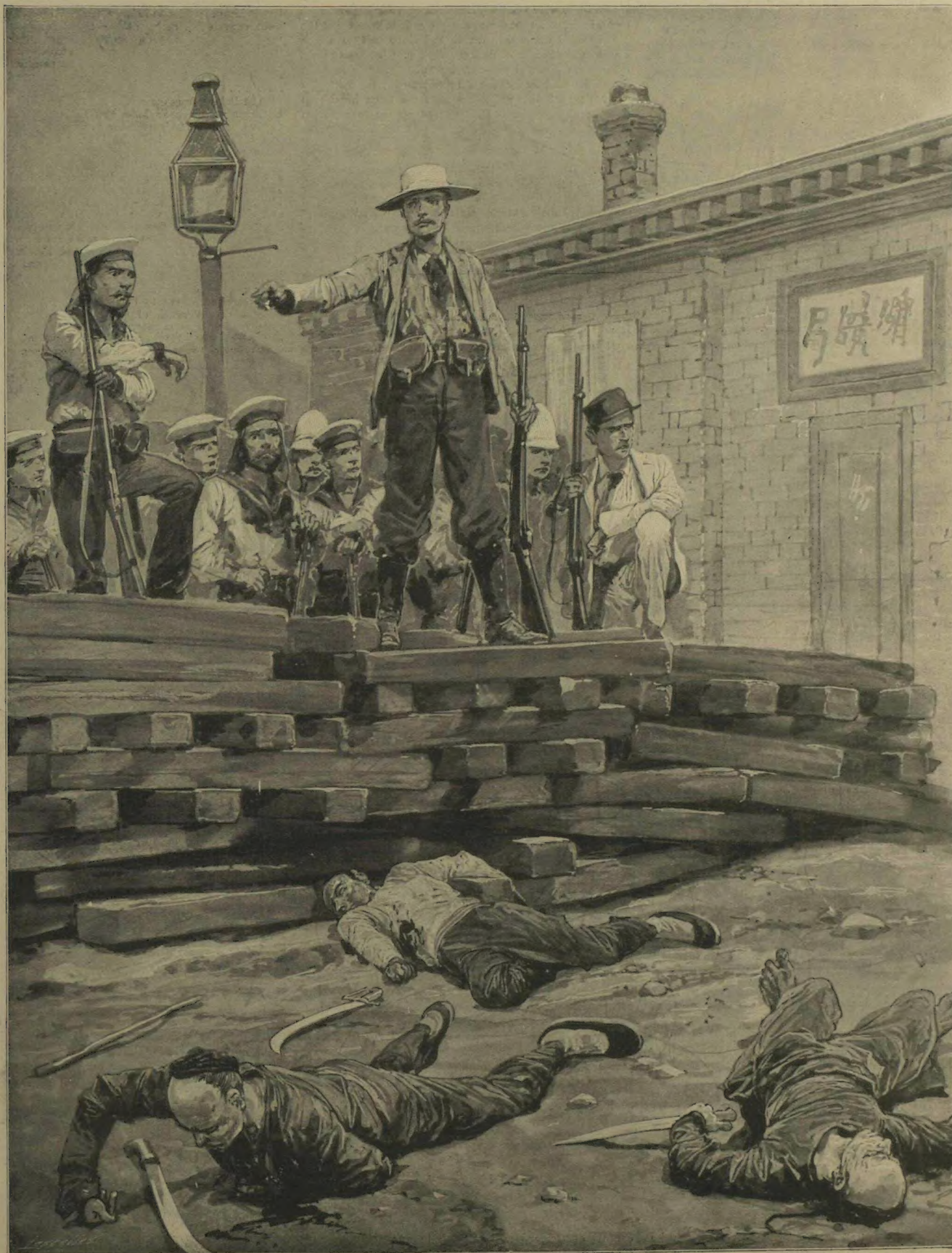
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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.



THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG: A TEST OF "BOXER" INVULNERABILITY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

On Aug. 4, at 1.30 a.m., the "Boxers" at Newchwang delivered their first attack on the street barricades, held by Russian marines and foreign volunteers. In the van came the fanatics, armed only with swords, and strong in the belief that they were invulnerable. At the first volley three fell, and the attacking party vanished for the time into alleys and side streets.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY I. F. AUSTIN.

If a journalist may be permitted to express a little pride in his calling, he has occasion for it in Dr. Morrison's masterly narrative of the siege of the Peking Legations. When we were all deluded by the legend of the massacres—a legend that had its origin not in any sensational journalism, but in the Chinese desire to make our flesh creep with an imaginary account of a tragedy that Chinese treachery had failed to accomplish—the *Times* published a very handsome obituary notice of its distinguished servant at Peking. That great journal may well rejoice that its memoir of Dr. Morrison was premature, and that he has survived so dire a peril to render not only to the *Times*, but also to civilisation, one of the most striking services in modern history. For mark how Dr. Morrison shatters all the fictions that the wretched game of diplomacy, from St. Petersburg to Washington, compels apparently intelligent men to wrap round this Chinese horror. There are officials at Washington, for instance, who can look their fellow-citizens in the face after expressing in despatches, that might have been written by Wu-Ting-Fang, the belief that the Chinese Government will punish the authors of atrocities which that very Government deliberately organised and directed. An American correspondent took me to task lately for misquoting Abraham Lincoln's saying, "If people like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they will like." My correspondent says it should be, "they will have." Very good; and if his countrymen like the sort of diplomacy that has flouted common-sense in their name, they will have no lack of it from their Washington mandarins.

Such a story as Dr. Morrison's is a sad blow to various delusions. There was an unfortunate professor in Peking who had so blind a faith in the Chinese that he refused to believe there was any danger to Europeans. So he went for a walk, and was promptly shot dead. This reminds me of Heine's professor who argued against the immortality of the soul, and the night after his death appeared to the friend whom he had striven to convince, and continued the controversy until he put his hand into his fob to draw out his watch, and drew out instead a handful of worms. I wonder whether the Peking professor will be equally positive. Most people, however, are disinclined now to pay any serious heed to learned chatter about Chinese civilisation. There is a kind of intellect which delights to remind us that Confucius was writing moral precepts when our ancestors were brandishing clubs in a wilderness. This might be impressive if the heirs of Confucius were not prone to a cowardly savagery, of which our ancestors, mere wild men of the woods, would have been ashamed. There is no more arrant nonsense than the pretence that long ages of priority in civilisation entitle the Chinese to look down upon Western standards of truth and humanity. At Peking all the forces of the Government were employed against the lives of the foreign Envoys, sacred by the laws of every nation; and the cut-throats of the Dowager-Empress burnt the library, which was the most precious monument of Chinese culture in the dawn of history.

An agreeable cynic once defined an Ambassador as a high-minded man who was sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. Take away the high-mindedness and the good of the country, and this definition is literally true of the Chinese Ambassadors in Europe and America. Dr. Morrison shows up the "dauntless mendacity of Lo-Feng-Luh and Wu-Ting-Fang." While their Government was doing its best to murder the Envoys at Peking, they pretended that it was "protecting the Legations," and supplying the foreigners with food. The Chinese Minister in London, who is a master of that kind of "calm" that appeals to Professor Bettink, favoured an interviewer with this impressive greeting: "You know I never tell a lie." Many people may think that after so gross an exposure we ought to remit Lo-Feng-Luh to his native land with all convenient speed.

Does Mr. Bernard Shaw ever feel compunction? His "chocolate-cream soldier" in that amusing fantasy, "Arms and the Man," is a Swiss hotel-keeper, who is a mercenary in the Serbian army, and is not conspicuous for valour. Now, the bravest man in the Peking Legations was a Swiss hotel-keeper, named Chamot. During the siege he continued his cooking as if nothing had happened. He baked loaves in his kitchen for the Garrison, and when he was shelled out of that he baked cheerfully in the parlour. When he was not baking he was heading expeditions to rescue native Christians, and on these occasions he was accompanied by Madame Chamot, who was as heroic as himself. The unselfish fearlessness of this man so greatly impressed the friendly Chinese that, as Dr. Morrison tells us, "they followed him under fire with amazing confidence." If Mr. Shaw is not entirely without grace he will make an apology, and offer M. Chamot a laurel.

A correspondent sends me a manuscript, which he calls "Ruminations of a Convalescent in Various Haunts of the Battered and Decayed." He says it is unworthy of publication; but he is too modest. Some of it will

find echoes in many bosoms. "The most relentless enemies of the convalescent," he says, "are bell-ringers and door-slammers. If I were dressed in a little brief authority, I would hang them all. You know the door-slammer by his tread in the corridor of your hotel. It is heavy, positive, inhuman. With every nerve on the rack, you hear him turn the key in his door; then you wait a few seconds, as the man led out to be shot waits for the volley. . . . There is a frightful bang, and you curl up in torture, whilst the callous miscreant is grinning at his repulsive features in the looking-glass." I admit there is a certain exaggeration in my correspondent's style. Why should the door-slammer have "repulsive features"? The worst offender I ever knew was a pretty chambermaid who excused herself on the plausible ground that having so many doors to shut she had lost a certain delicacy of ear. But I agree with what my ruminating convalescent says about bells. "At Brighton, in my comfortable room at the Metropole, I am within ear-shot of three bellfries, which smash, pulverise, and destroy, as Mr. Gladstone might have said, the sacred peace of the Sabbath. If one spoke for all it would be a rational arrangement; the trinity of silence were better still; but all three must burst into jangle at the same moment, and the uproar, so far from offering the consolations of religion, suggests the bitterness of discordant sects."

This, too, is a little heated, but not, I think, unjustifiably. Church bells, at least in cities, are tormenting anachronisms; they should be confined to villages where most of the inhabitants are old and deaf. "At Windsor," continues my ruminant, "the bell nuisance is extravagantly complicated. I shall never forget the morning when I was aroused by the hideous competition of two or three clappers with a clock that chimed a hymn-tune. Now one thing you expect to find at Windsor is Authority. Authority means order, and nothing is less compatible with order than the meaningless clamour of cracked metal. How far, if at all, the Castle was responsible for this defiance of Authority in its own august seat I do not know, and I did not venture to inquire." Frankly, I do not commend this: it has a subtle and sinister smack of treason. Let us hasten to something else. "The lonely convalescent is much afflicted by the conversation of strangers. I heard a lady at dinner describing to her friends a precious collection of which she was the envied possessor. Was it china, coins, old spoons, death-masks, or even postage-stamps? No; it was a collection of comic songs, dating as far back, said the owner proudly, as 'Champagne Charlie.' I remember that ditty very well: it was the exultant cry of the tipsy nincompoop, whose idea of 'a spree' was to wrench off door-knockers. Fancy the taste of transmitting 'Champagne Charlie' to posterity as a curio! Perhaps that collection of comic songs will be bought at auction some day for a huge sum, and presented by a munificent citizen to the nation."

This is mere irritability. "Champagne Charlie" was a harmless expression of youthful high spirits. In my boyhood it was often sung by elderly gentlemen of unquestionable intellect and unblemished character. Mr. Gladstone was fond of warbling, "I've bet my money on the bob-tail nag," although he was never a patron of the turf. The most reckless comic song in my memory (I wonder whether it is in that valuable collection) had a refrain beginning—

If ever there was a d—d scamp,
I flatter myself I am he.

I have heard this sung with enormous relish by reputable fathers of families. On one occasion a highly cultivated young clergyman listened with a critical air. I was afraid he would condemn the song as unseemly, but all he said was this: "That scamp is too grammatical to be genuine. He ought to say, 'I am him'!"

But it must not be supposed that my correspondent's ruminations are all in this ungenial vein. He is eloquent upon the soothing charm of the New Forest. "I had not been lodged two days at Lyndhurst, in the quiet sanctuary of the Grand Hotel, when I felt that no one could cherish an ill thought of his fellow-man in such an atmosphere of peace. Nothing has happened in the New Forest since the lamented death of William Rufus. I say 'lamented' because I lament it. The infinite calm of these untroubled woods revealed to me the wrong done to a mediocre prince, who had so little about him that anybody could complain of that he had to be nicknamed after his red hair. He went hunting the stag one day in company with a gentleman who had so little inclination for the sport that when he drew the bow he was of two minds whether to shoot the stag or speed his arrow into a tree. Such is the humanitarian influence of the New Forest. The upshot was that he killed William Rufus by accident, and the monkish chroniclers of the time misrepresented the whole transaction. I am sure that at Lyndhurst I could rewrite English history with ease and judgment. This conviction came to me one evening after dinner, when an American lady brewed a bowl of egg-nog. Beat up the yolks of six eggs, and mingle them with a breakfast-cupful of sugar, a bottle of brandy, a quart of cream, a trifle of curaçoa, and a suspicion of rum, and you have a drink for historians." But scarcely for convalescents!

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The advent of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee is beginning to render the military operations of the Allies in China a good deal more coherent and purposeful than they had been for some weeks prior to the start of the expedition to Pao-ting-fu. The Field-Marshal himself has just issued a statement with reference to the military situation, which, notwithstanding the delay in disembarking and sending forward the German contingent, and the initial difficulty of getting the various commanders to work together in harmony, he now regards as tolerably satisfactory. He thinks that the Chinese inactivity is a mere ruse to cover possible further offensive operations, but apprehends that his own military policy will nip such hostile designs in the bud.

At length the much-talked-of expedition to Pao-ting-fu has made a start, two forces, each about 5000 strong, having left Peking and Tientsin simultaneously on Oct. 12. They were expected to arrive at Pao-ting-fu on Oct. 19, but it is quite possible that the resistance encountered, even if not really formidable, will be sufficient to delay the junction of the two forces by some days. The operation is one of considerable importance, and may be reckoned upon as certain to have far-reaching results.

The Peking force consists of three columns, British 2000, Germans and Italians 2200, and French 1600, the whole under command of General Sir A. Gaselee, who, it is said, will take charge of both the Peking and Tientsin forces when a junction has been effected. The British troops from Peking include a field battery, the 16th Bengal Lancers, the 1st Sikhs, the Baluchis and Sappers. The Tientsin force also consists of three columns, British 1500, under Brigadier-General Campbell, Germans and Italians 2000, under General von Ketteler, and French 1500, under General Bailoud, who will command the whole force. The British troops include Horse Artillery, a "pom-pom," 150 Victorians, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, the 20th Punjabis, the Madras Pioneers, and the Hong-Kong Regiment. This contingent has been marching independently of the other two Tientsin columns, which are proceeding direct to Pao-ting-fu. Its orders were to make a detour south of the Pao-ting River through a number of villages supposed to be "Boxer" communities, and it is very possible that some brisk fighting has resulted.

Outside this expedition the chief centres of interest are the Kwan-tung and Kwang-si provinces, which are evidently in a state of considerable ferment. A great rebel movement appears to have been set on foot by the reformers who wish to overthrow Manchu rule in South China, and it has been necessary to strengthen the Kaulung frontier by 360 Bombay Infantry and Hong-Kong Artillery from Hong-Kong to prevent incursions.

The Russian campaign in Manchuria appears to be within measurable distance of coming to an end. The Russian southern and northern armies have joined hands to the north of Mukden, and it is said that when the branch line from Kharbin to Port Arthur has been freed from the rebels, the operations will cease.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sporadic Boer resistance continues, and here and there a certain amount of annoyance, and even loss, has been inflicted upon isolated British parties. Attacks on the railways and telegraphs have also been frequent, to the admitted surprise of Lord Roberts, who points out that such persistency as is exhibited in this direction is remarkable, since the damage done is soon repaired, and is invariably followed by severe punishment. On our side small successes continue to be reported, and an important movement is evidently on foot for crushing once and for all the marauding parties who are giving trouble in the Orange River Colony.

Towards the end of last week news was received of an unfortunate occurrence at Kaapmuiden, some thirty miles west of Komati Poort. A train, containing a number of the 66th Battery R.F.A., upset; three men were killed, and one officer and fifteen men were injured. An engine and a truck were sent the next morning from Vlakfontein to ascertain the damage, and the party travelling in it fell into a Boer ambush. Captain Stewart, of the Rifle Brigade, hearing of the attack, went to support with forty men, and the combined parties were severely handled, Captain Stewart and one man being killed, and several other officers and men wounded or taken prisoners.

De Wet's force near Reitzburg was last week engaged by De laasle's Mounted Infantry and a portion of the Colonial Division. It was eventually driven north of the Vaal near Ventersburg, and is described as now being much scattered and weakened by desertions. Van Post, an influential burgher belonging to Pretoria, is proceeding to Orange River Colony with a view to representing to De Wet the absurdity of continuing the struggle. A similar appeal is being made to Generals Delarey and Botha.

In addition to the three above-named leaders, Viljoen appears to be now exhibiting considerable activity, and to be backed up by a number of rebels and Johannesburg Afrianders. The most insane statements are being circulated in order to keep up the courage of these "irreconcilables," one being to the effect that the Democratic party is sure to win the elections in the United States, and that on the day of victory 20,000 Americans will sail for Africa to fight the British! Some time before this sensational episode can take place the Viljoen contingent will either disperse hurriedly or be hemmed in beyond hope of escape.

Lord Methuen was on Monday at Rustenburg, near which on the previous day Broadwood had captured five prisoners and fourteen wagons. Round Mafeking there are still hostile Boers in evidence, and the Otoshoop district continues in a very unsettled state.

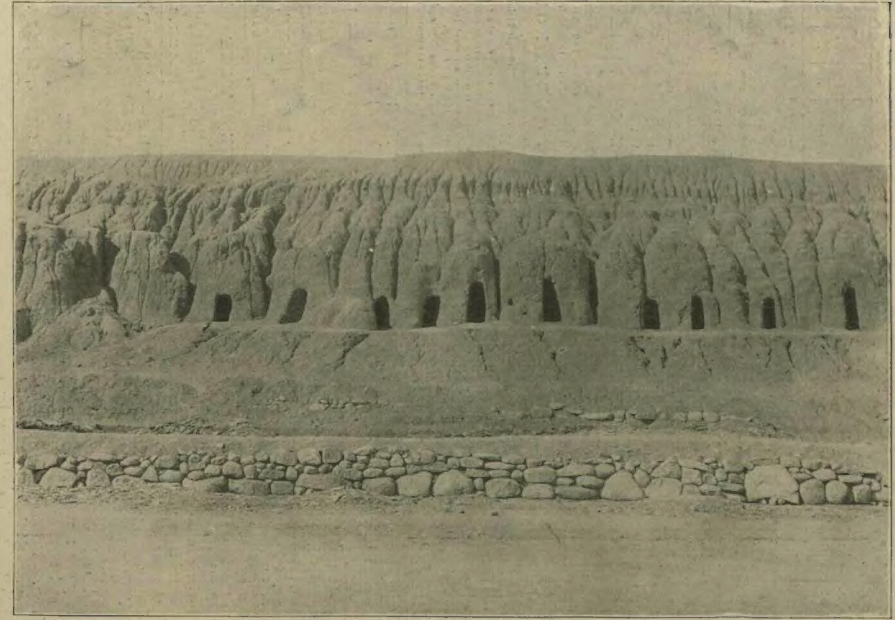
General Sir Redvers Buller is on his way home, having left Pretoria on Oct. 11. Lord Roberts issued an Army Order warmly thanking General Buller for his great services, and a notable reception awaited the late commander of the Natal Field Force at Pietermaritzburg and Durban. When Lord Roberts himself leaves South Africa, Lord Kitchener will presumably take over the chief command in South Africa, receiving the necessary accession of local rank.

KIMBERLEY 'CAVE DWELLINGS': BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS DUG IN THE DIAMOND MINE "TAILINGS."

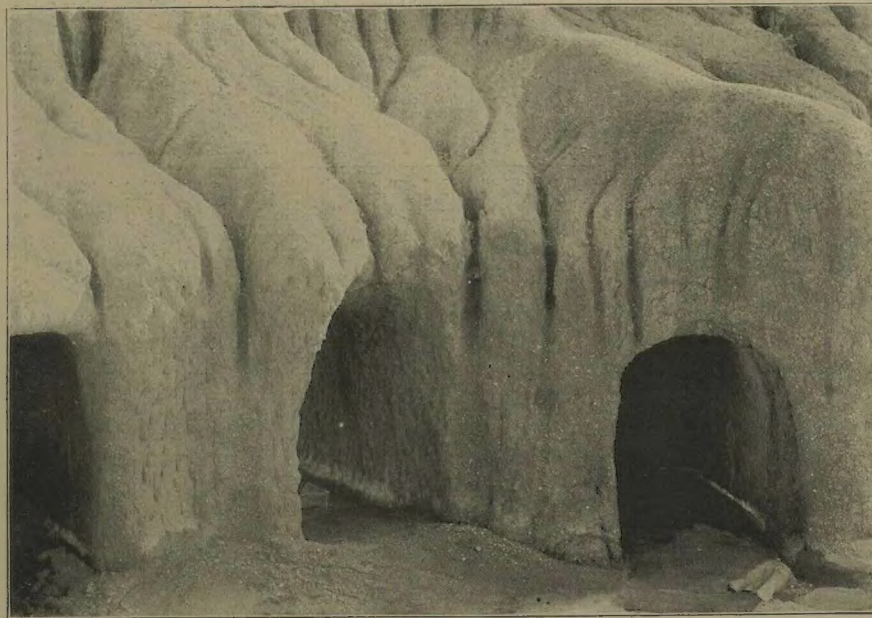
Photographs by R. Jensen.



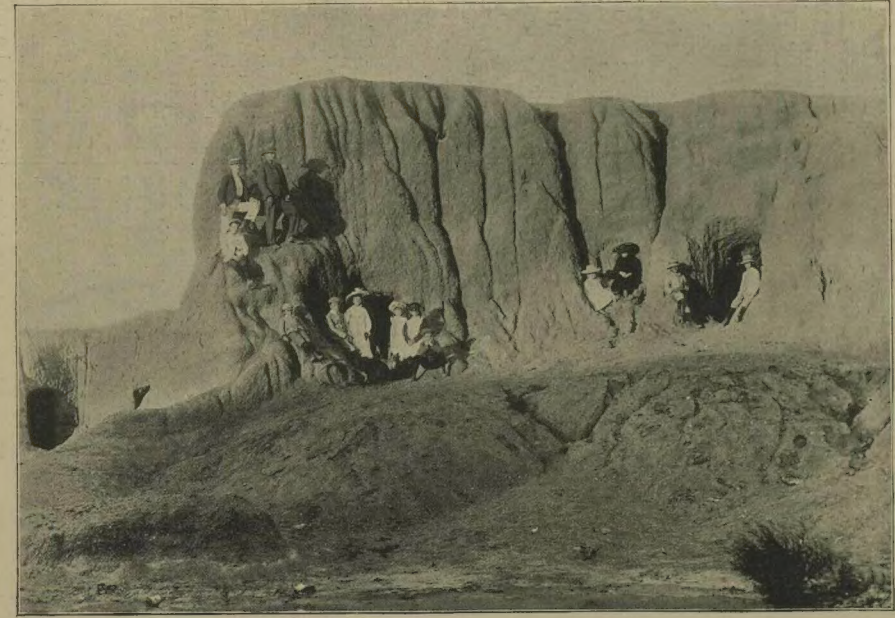
A GALLERY OF BOMB-PROOF "DUG-OUTS."



A STREET OF BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS.



A NEAR VIEW OF THE SHELTERS.



THE SHELTERS REVISITED.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: THE FIGHTING NEAR MACHADODORP AND LYDENBURG.

From Sketches by Lieutenant R. Hennessey, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

1st DEVONS.

BERGENDAL.

GORDONS.

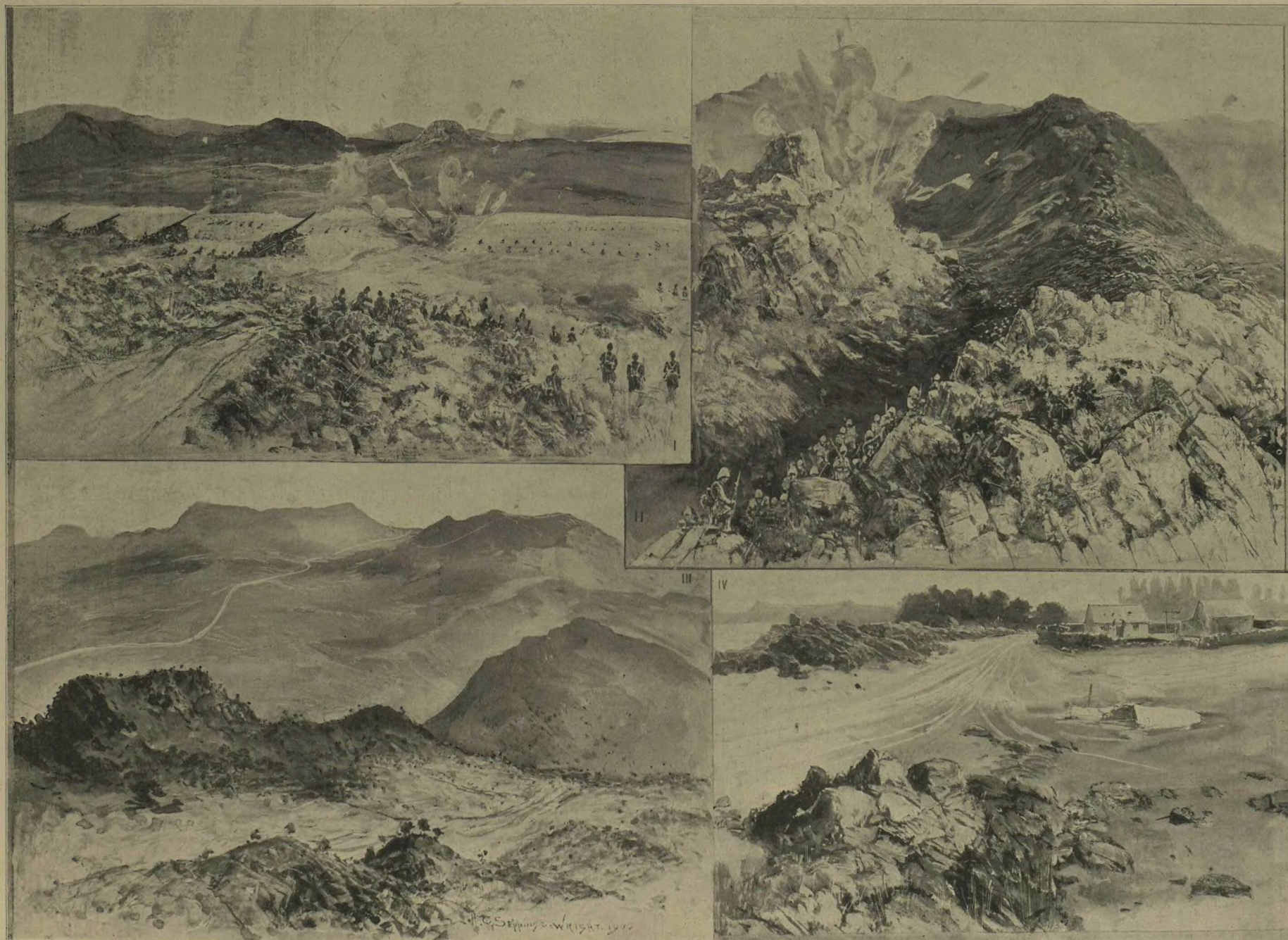
TWO LONG TOMS AND HOWITZER.

DUNDONALD AND 8TH BRIGADE.

LONG TOM SHELL.

2ND GORDONS.

TWO 2 IN. SIEGE GUNS.



1. The affair at Bergendal and Gillut on Aug. 26: The Devons, Gordons, and Dundonald, with the 8th Brigade, covered by Siege Guns, a Howitzer Battery, a Field Battery, and two Naval Guns.
2. The 2nd Gordons, shelled by a "Long Tom," taking cover before their advance at the "Devil's Knuckles" on Sept. 10.

3. The Boer position north-east of Lydenburg on Sept. 7 and 8, showing the road from Lydenburg to Pilgrim's Rest and Nel-pruit, guarded by "Long Toms" and a high velocity Gun.
4. Korries held by the Boers during our advance from Dalmanutha to Bergendal on Aug. 27.

PERSONAL.

The Earl of Portsmouth did not give Mr. James Lowther a chance for another mock motion, when Parliament meets, about the interference of Peers in contested elections. He went to speak in the constituency where his brother, Mr. Wallop, was a candidate; but the electioneers thought it better that he should not infringe, by his appearance on a platform, the conventional etiquette. Mr. Wallop was defeated; and Lord Portsmouth modestly leaves it to the readers of the *Times* to say whether, had he been allowed to deliver his speech, the result might not have been very different.

Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, whose death is announced from Oxford, was a younger son of the late Right Hon.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR HENRY ACLAND,
Radcliffe Librarian, Oxford.

brought into prominent notice. A serious study of medicine, which took him to Edinburgh, preceded his appointment as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. It was in the capacity of doctor that he joined the Prince of Wales's party during his tour to America in 1860. His associations with Ruskin and Gladstone are well known. Sir Henry, who married in 1846 the eldest daughter of Mr. William Cotton, D.C.L., is succeeded in the baronetcy conferred on him in 1890 by his eldest son, Rear-Admiral William Dyke-Acland.

Lord Roberts does not now expect to get home before the end of the year; but Sir Redvers Buller will eat his Christmas dinner in Devonshire. It is not the military situation in South Africa, though that has its minor disquietudes still, which detains the Commander-in-Chief, but rather the settlement of the civil administration of the annexed Republics. Meanwhile, Lord Wolseley seems likely to continue in the command at home until Lord Roberts returns to relieve him of a burden, always weighty, but about to be weightier than ever before.

Quartermaster-Sergeant H. Engleheart, of the 10th Hussars, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for the gallant part which he bore in cutting the railway north of Bloemfontein on March 13. His fortunes during the war have been chequered. On Jan. 1 he was severely wounded near Rensburg by a bullet which pierced his thigh, but in eighteen days he was fit for active service. Thereafter he was attached to the Field Troop of the Royal Engineers, and it was with that force that he won his V.C. Since then he has suffered from enteric fever, and

was admitted into the Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein, being afterwards invalided home. He is, happily, now quite recovered.

Earl Fitzwilliam, who entered on his eighty-sixth year on Sunday, has sat in the House of Lords for exactly half of his long life. The Earl of Leicester, though Earl Fitzwilliam's junior, has been longer a legislator in the Upper Chamber, for he took his seat on attaining his majority in 1843. On the other hand, Earl Fitzwilliam had a preliminary Parliamentary experience in the House of Commons, to which he was returned by Malton when he was twenty-two. His son, the late Viscount Milton, began Parliamentary life at the same age, and so also did his grandson, the present Viscount Milton, whose rumoured death from an accident allowed him, not long ago, to read his own obituary notices, and led people to say that he was the Milton of "Paradise Lost."

When the polling has been taken next week in Orkney and Shetland, the fifteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria will be complete. Leaving out of the reckoning this far-off constituency, the new House holds 401 Unionist members, and 268 Liberals and Nationalists, giving the Government a majority of 133—a gain of two seats. Against the total Unionist poll of 1,732,083 votes that of the other side stands at 1,617,089—a majority of only 85,000. The reflection, however, that a majority of about 2 per cent. of the electorate is thus represented by a majority of 22 per cent. in the House is subject to modification, for the balance is in part redressed by the larger Unionist number of unopposed returns.

The new Master of the Rolls, in succession to Lord Alverstone, is the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith,



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD JUSTICE A. L. SMITH,
New Master of the Rolls.

1893, married in 1867 Isabel, daughter of J. C. Fletcher, of Dale Park, Sussex. The new Master of the Rolls was one of the Judges in the Parnell Commission.

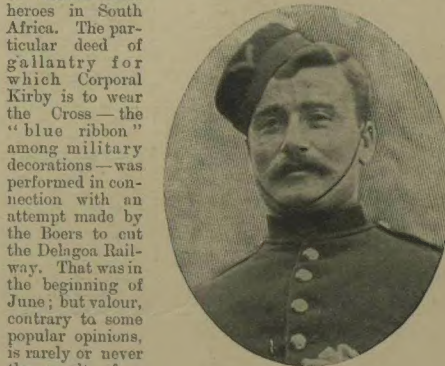
Lord Alverstone, as Lord Chief Justice of England, crowns a career which, over a long series of years, has brought to the name of Sir Richard Webster both honour and honours. Born in 1842, Thomas Everard Webster was the second son of Thomas Webster, Q.C., and of



Photo. Russell.
LORD ALVERSTONE, THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Calthrop, of Swineshead Abbey, Lincolnshire. He himself married, in 1872, Louisa, daughter of William Calthrop, of Withern, Lincolnshire, but became a widower in 1877. His education is claimed by King's College School, Charterhouse, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was thirty-fifth Wrangler, and took a third class in Classics. Thirty-two years ago he was called to the Bar, and in ten years' time he took silk. After that his political career began with a contest at Bewdley. In 1885 he was elected for Lankester and appointed Attorney-General—a title he resumed in 1886 and 1895.

The name of Corporal F. H. Kirby, of the Royal Engineers, is one of those to be added to the long roll



CORPORAL F. H. KIRBY,
New V.C.

Once a hero, always a hero. Such, at any rate, was Corporal Kirby's case. Though the Delagoa Railway

incident is specifically mentioned in connection with the bestowal of his Cross, his commanding officers wish it to signalise also many other feats of his performed in face of the enemy.

Mr. Matthew Arnold had not much sympathy with Parliament, though some people used to tell him he would make a particularly successful legislator himself. The new House of Commons finds him represented by a son-in-law, the Hon. Armine Wodehouse, who sits for the Saffron Walden Division of Essex. Mr. Wodehouse, who is the third son of Lord Kimberley, is just forty years of age. He is a C.B.

The echoes of Navarino are now faint and far, but one has recently sounded in the news of the death of General

Sir Anthony Buxton Stransham, late of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, in his ninety-fifth year. Born in Norfolk, Sir Anthony was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Stransham. He was educated at Woolwich, and in 1823 became a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Marines. From 1826 he saw service in the Mediterranean, braving many adventures. At Navarino he served on board the *Cambrian*, and had a narrow escape, a comrade, Lieutenant Sturgeon, with whom he was standing shoulder to shoulder, being killed by a shot. Garrison duties detained him at home until 1837, when he sailed to Brazil and the Azores in the *Calliope*, penetrating into Chili at considerable risk. He was next ordered to China, where he served through the campaign of 1839, losing the use of a hand at Macao Fort. He served afterwards in Spain, and from 1862 to 1867 was Inspector-General of the Royal Marines. For the last two years he had lived at Ealing, and his death took place there on Oct. 6. In former days he was a keen shot and rode to hounds. In his declining years he amused himself with water-colour painting and the collection of old engravings. He was at one time a member of the United Service Club.

Mr. Porter, the Master of Peterhouse, was a son of the late Rev. James Porter, Presbyterian Minister of Drumlee, County Down, and not, as commonly stated, of the Rev. J. S. Porter, of Belfast, who was the father of the present Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

Lieutenant Patrick A'Beckett, whose name has been associated with a famous court-martial, ending in his honourable acquittal, is a very young, as well as a very promising soldier. A'Beckett is by now a very well-known name, and this independently of the famous ecclesiastical associations which Thomas of that family has given to the tragic history of England. A "Comic History of England" was written by Lieutenant A'Beckett's grandfather, and is still read by the contemporaries of his grandchildren. Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, the Lieutenant's father, is not the only member of the succeeding generation of the family to make a success in journalism; for Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, his brother, was for many years a favourite contributor to *Punch*. Soldiering rather than journalism seems to be the chosen occupation of the youngest generation, for Lieutenant A'Beckett has a brother also who wears the Queen's uniform.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., is one of the few English artists of eminence who receive pupils. Mr. Herkomer's school at Bushey has its own sphere of influence; but Mr. Forbes remains at Newlyn, the little Cornish fishing village, where for nearly all the year an equable light shines. Nor are there, at that primitive end of Cornwall, the distractions of a capital within reach; but only Penzance, a summer and winter resort for visitors, yet always a place of peace. Mr. Forbes, who himself has known the advantages of the French methods of art tuition, is resorted to for instruction by a numerous band of disciples.

The curious who watch the announcements of marriages during the next few weeks may be able to draw conclusions as to the matrimonial advantages of those who draw swords for their country. From this point of view, the C.I.V. are in fortune to be back early. They have first chances, and are not likely to lose them. To be gallant is a phrase that belongs equally to war and to love. There has been talk lately of the growing unwillingness of maids for marriage. Perhaps the ground for it may be now at once revealed and removed—a conviction that none but the brave in South Africa deserve the fair.



Photo. Porter, Ealing.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. STRANSHAM, R.M.L.I.,
A Survivor of Navarino.



Photo. Army and Navy Auxiliary.
LIEUTENANT P. A'BECKETT,
Tried for Misappropriation and Honourably
Acquitted.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS.

Detailed, deliberate, first-hand history has at last taken the place of the fragments and rumours, interpreted by conjecture and suspicion, and mingled with execrable falsehoods, that were so long all the "tidings" from Peking that Europe had to fret over. And the story, as it is told by the *Times* correspondent, is one



THEIR FORMER PRISON: NEWLY RELEASED BRITISH TROOPS OUTSIDE THE GRAND STAND, PRETORIA RACECOURSE.

Photograph supplied by Newman and Guardian, Limited.

that does honour to the men and women of all the Western nations represented among the beleaguered, but does greater honour still to their Japanese allies, who bore the burden of that long and anxious day, and greatest honour of all to the native Christians, who were suffering directly and willingly for the sake of faith and conscience. Heroism was forced upon English, American, German, Austrian, Russian, French, and Italian people who had their lives to defend, but it was splendidly voluntary in these poor people, against whom the fury of their countrymen was specially directed. They have owed their salvation from a frightful fate to the bravery of the Japanese and of the French Bishop, who held the Pei-tang Cathedral with his native flock against a siege similar to that of the Legations. In the latter refuges all was order, composure, and energy. The fighting (and Russian and German prowess is particularly recorded) was equalled by such science and skill as those of the American clergyman who designed and constructed the defences, by the coolness of the Italian Attaché, and by the fine example of patient courage set by the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires.

THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG.

Owing to the fact that the principal events of the "Boxer" rebellion have taken place around Tientsin and Peking, attention has been rather diverted from the northern port,

Newchwang, which was at the end of June the scene of much excitement, due to daily arrivals from the interior and departures as soon as possible of all the women and children for Japan or other safe shores.

Except the Russians, the Powers were strangely apathetic, and left Newchwang to its fate. On the Russian gun-boat *Otagriz* devolved the defence of the town, assisted by a volunteer force, comprising all the effective members of the foreign community. The Custom House was selected as the central point of defence.

All the streets leading thereto were strongly barricaded and guarded night and day. On Aug. 4 at 7.30 a.m. the rebels advanced to attack the street barricades. In the van, as usual, came the fanatics, brandishing swords, and firm in their belief of their invulnerability. The vigorous reply of the volunteers and marines soon dispelled the charm, but so confident were the Chinese that four reached the barricade, three fell just at the front, and one was seized by three volunteers, who leapt over and dragged him in. He jeered at them, denying that he could be shot. As an example he was tried, and executed by a firing-party. A reinforcement of marines arriving, the "Boxers" fled, and vanished into alleys and side streets.

A general attack was shortly afterwards made on the east end of the town—no "Boxer" swords this time, but Mauser bullets wholesale. Again the attack was repelled by the Russians. By sunset the Chinese were completely defeated. Since

then the Russians have gradually pushed their way north, and Newchwang is now safe. A provisional Russian Civil Administration is formed, and the Russian naval flag hoisted over the town.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES.

The operations near Machadodorp and Lydenburg, which we illustrate this week from sketches by an officer, took place between Aug. 26 and Sept. 10. On Aug. 26 the forces were engaged for the greater part of the day over nearly thirty miles of country, and the ground was disputed stubbornly by the enemy, who brought into action three "Long Toms" and many quick-firing guns. Our sketches deal more particularly with the operations on the north-west of Dalmanutha Railway Station, and resulted in the capture of Bergendal, a very strong position. The Boer "pom-pom" which fell into our hands was mounted just at the end of the house which appears in the fourth picture of the series. On Sept. 6 Dundonald and Brocklehurst occupied Lydenburg, and the Boer forces split up, part going north by Krugerspost, the others in an easterly direction towards Spitzkop. On Sept. 7 the Union Jack was hoisted over the Landdrost's office at Lydenburg on the arrival of Generals Buller and Hamilton. Our pictures of the engagement in that district show the road leading from

Lydenburg to Pilgrim's Rest and Nelspruit. The road was occupied by a force of about 2000 Boers, who posted "Long Toms" and a high-velocity gun on the adjacent heights. They kept up a vigorous fire upon our artillery and infantry, who advanced at the double upon a sharp spur, which occupies the foreground of our third illustration. Our forces poured in a sharp Maxim and musketry fire, and the Boers hastily retreated with a convoy of about sixty wagons. At the Devil's Knuckles, during the same combat, the Gordon Highlanders were subjected to a severe shell



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

A small reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Begg, Sketched at St. Paul's last January.

In view of the return of the C.I.V., we propose to publish at the end of October a popular edition of the Photogravure "Fight the Good Fight," representing the farewell service at St. Paul's attended by the C.I.V. before their departure for South Africa. The reproduction, beautifully printed on India paper, will measure (including the mount) 18 by 24 inches. The price will be five shillings, and a few artist's proofs will also be issued at half-price; per post, one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publishing Office, 138, Strand, and at all newsagents and bookstalls.

fire from the enemy's "Long Toms." The Gordons, after taking cover for a time, advanced together with the King's Royal Rifles.

Pretoria Racecourse, which forms the subject of another South African Illustration, is a place of many memories. First the prison of the Jameson Raiders, then of the many British captives taken throughout the present war, its associations are not altogether of a pleasantly sporting character. It is satisfactory to reflect that the members of the group in the foreground of our picture (taken, by the way, just after Lord Roberts's entry) are in a position to look upon the Grand Stand as no longer a place of durance vile. Our Kimberley views explain themselves.

DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

Great interest attaches to the present excavations which are being undertaken in the Roman Forum by 200 workmen under the supervision of the head engineer, M. Jacques Boni. On the east side of the Forum the work is progressing rapidly; at the back of the Templum Sacre Urbis the earth which covers the celebrated Forum Pacis, is being removed; and the beautiful pavement of the Porta Sacra is becoming visible, while the Temple of Antonius and Faustina seems to have gained a new splendour. The most wonderful discovery, however, bidding fair to rival that of the lapis niger, is the finding of the Fons Juturna, the classic spring which the Romans considered as the sacrum of water. The nymph Juturna, *decus fluviorum*, adored by the Romans, whom Virgil described as the sister of Turnus, King of the Rutulians, was supposed to have originated the Temple of the Dioscuri, and the legend adds that Castor and Pollux, returning from the battle of Lake Regillus, stopped quite close to the Templum Vestæ to refresh themselves and to clean their arms from the dust and blood; and that the Romans, to commemorate their gratitude for the wonderful victory gained by the "glorious twins," built the Templum Castoris. All the Latin historians agree in placing the Fons Juturna between the Temple of Vesta and the Temple of the Dioscuri; and, indeed, it was to the Vestals that the custody of the fire and water was confided.



Col-Sergt. Harrington. Lieut. Johnstone. Capt. Riley. Major Addington. Major Sir Guy Campbell. Col-Sergt. Edge. Pte. Carr. Pte. Bryau.

VETERANS OF ELEVEN CAMPAIGNS: A DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOGG AND WRIGHT, SOUTHSEA.

Among the officers, non-commissioned officers and men composing this group are soldiers who have taken part in the following campaigns: Hazara, Afghanistan, Chitral, Siam, Burma, Malakka, India, South Africa 1880, Red River Expedition 1870, Egyptian 1882-1883-1884, and South Africa 1899-1900, under the command of Major Addington, Major Sir Guy Campbell, Captain Riley, and Lieutenant Johnstone.



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER: CAPTURE OF A POSITION BY THE RIFLE BRIGADE AFTER A BRILLIANT BAYONET CHARGE.
Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart.



THE FORUM AFTER THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AND RECONSTRUCTIONS.



THE BASILICA AEMILIA.



THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS AND THE "DOMUS REGIA."



SHRINE BELONGING TO THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

Photographs by G. Abeniacr, Naples.

Johnny at Shroton Fair

BY M.E. FRANCIS (MRS FRANCIS BLUNDELL)

AUTHOR OF "IN A NORTH-COUNTRY VILLAGE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HARRALL.



Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny so long at the Fair!

JOHNNY'S father was busily chopping wood in the little shed at the back of the cottage, and Johnny himself sat on an upturned block with one chubby leg crossed over the other—a feat of some difficulty when one's legs are short and one's seat unsteady—superintending the parental labours, and revolving a certain project in his mind. John the elder was a red-bearded giant of a man, with strongly marked features and great, sinewy, hairy arms, which were now fully revealed under his rolled up shirt-sleeves. Johnny the younger, like his namesake of poetic fame, had a golden head "like a yellow mop in blow," a cherub-face, big solemn blue eyes—very serious

possessor of pockets which still retained all the charm of novelty. Into one of these pockets he now dived from time to time, extracting, from its depths (which were not very profound) a small round wooden box, the lid of which he proceeded to unscrew, a painful squeaking accompanying the process. This, on being removed, displayed a bright threepenny-bit; and Johnny, taking it out, contemplated it for a moment in the broad palm of his grimy little hand, turned it over, polished it on the knee of his little breeches, replaced it in its receptacle, screwed on the lid again with laborious grinding, and finally restored the whole to his pocket.

Observing, after these operations had been gone through some half-dozen times, that his father allowed them to pass

and thoughtful just now—and every other good point which may reasonably be looked for in a healthy little four-year-old peasant.

He had not long been promoted to the dignity of knickerbockers, and was the proud

unnoticed, Johnny heaved a deep sigh and made a remark on his own account.

"You do seem to be choppin' a lot this evenin', Dada."

"Ees, Johnny, I be"—and here John Reed senior laid down his hatchet, straightened himself, and wiped his brow. "I have to chop so much as your mother will want to-morrow and next day too, d'y'e see? I'm goin' to Shroton to-morrow wi' Maggie and Rosie. If you be a good little chap I'll bring 'ee a cake, maybe."

Johnny uncrossed his legs and sat rigid on the block, his eyes apparently ready to jump out of his head. The father nodded good-naturedly, and took up his axe again. The son threw out his hand after the manner employed by scholars desirous of attracting the teacher's attention.

"Bide a bit!"—with a quaint assumption of authority—

"I've got summat to show 'ee here."

The chubby hand sought the pocket once more, the box was produced, and its contents displayed. "I've got fruppence," announced Johnny triumphantly.

"Have 'ee, now?" returned Reed, kindly but dispassionately. "Well done! Where did 'ee get that?"

"Gran'ma gived it me. Dada!"—here Johnny got off the block—"Dada, do 'ee take me to the fair to-morrow, and let me 'pend it."

"Why, I never!" cried the father, half puzzled and half admiring. "You be too little, Johnny—you'd be tired out afore the day was half done."

"Nay, nay," and the little head was shaking until the golden mop was in full display. "Nay, I'd not be tired."



"You do seem to be choppin' a lot this evenin', Dada."

I can walk so far as Rosie, an' I do want to go in the roundabouts."

"Want to go in the roundabouts, do 'ee? That's a tale." Here John Reed laughed, scratched his head, and contemplated his small sturdy son. "I'd 'low you'd enjoy the roundabouts, and the shows and that—jist about. But we shan't be home till late. And whatever 'ud mother say? Ye'd best stop an' take care of mother, I reckon, sonny."

"Nay," said Johnny junior, "I be goin' with 'ee; Mammy have got Fuss!"

And thereupon the red-haired giant laughed long and loud, and the imp beside him knew the victory was his.

The sun was sinking when they came indoors, both looking extremely important, albeit somewhat sheepish, as became a pair of conspirators.

Mrs. Reed stood by the window mending the coat which her master was to wear on the morrow; Maggie, a tall, shapely girl of seventeen, was ironing a starched white petticoat; while Rosie, the younger daughter, busily stitched a lace frill on the neck of her Sunday dress. An air of joyful bustle and excitement pervaded the place, for, although Mrs. Reed herself had ceased to join in the annual outing, she was good-natured enough to share the others' pleasure at the prospect.

"There, Missus, I've cut ye enough wood to do ye for a week," announced John, "an' me and the little chap 'ull feed chicken jist now."

"It's time for Johnny to go to bed," remarked the mother, gazing at him fondly, however. "He's best out of the way to-night—there do always seem to be sich a lot to be done afore Shroton."

"Well," agreed John falteringly, "p'raps he would be best abed, more particular as he has a mind to come wi' us to-morrow."

There was a chorus of surprise and disapproval, in the midst of which Johnny stood silent, gazing from one to the other with a solemn, resolute little face. It was not until "Dada" himself had begun to show signs of wavering that the little fellow suddenly sat down on the ground and began to cry.

Now Johnny occupied a somewhat unique position in the family, which may thus be accounted for: Rosie and Maggie had come tumbling into the world hard on each other's heels; and then five little graves, side by side under the churchyard yew, marked the advent and departure of five little boys, not one of whom had lived more than a few years; and then, after a long interval, when the cradle had been put away and the baby-clothes laid by on the top shelf of the cupboard, Johnny had made his appearance; and Johnny had from the first evinced a determination to live, and from the moment he could walk had become the recognised ruler of the entire household.

Therefore, when Johnny lifted up his voice in protest, general consternation ensued. Dada, taking him in his arms, upbraided the women-folk, and remarked indignantly that the child was not so big yet but what he could carry him if he was tired; and Maggie with a blush reminded her mother that Jim Fry was going to give them a lift to Shroton and back, and therefore there would be no need for Johnny to walk except jist at the Fair itself; and Rosie observed that he didn't seem to be one for catching cold, and, moreover, opined that he would look beautiful in his new suit, and that it did seem a pity that he couldn't wear it where it could be seen. This last suggestion turned the scale, and Johnny dried his eyes and was carried off to bed in triumph.

On the next morning the entire household was enlisted in the service of the youngest-born. The father, coming upon Rosie as she was blacking his sturdy little Sunday boots, desired her to hand them over—he'd show her how to make 'em shine. And shine they certainly did when he had done with them, for though he could with difficulty squeeze two of his great fingers into them, he polished them with as much energy as would have sufficed for full-sized Wellingtons.

Meanwhile Maggie was sedulously brushing the smart new sailor-suit, and the little pilot-coat with its two rows of brass buttons, while Mrs. Reed was carefully winding round her fingers the yellow curls which looked so much better when allowed to cluster freely, but which were now persuaded to assume the corkscrew shape dear to the village mother's heart. She devoted particular time and care to the arrangement of a top-knot, which much resembled a small sausage-roll, and was poised immediately above Johnny's right eye. At last the only son of the house stood arrayed in all his glory, while the admiring family gathered round.

"He do look a pictur—I'll say that for him," remarked the father proudly. "There'll not be his like at the Fair."

"See and keep your coat buttoned, Johnny," observed Mrs. Reed anxiously; "and don't 'ee go for to take off your muffler, not if you be ever so warm."

Johnny rolled his eyes towards his mother over the white woollen folds, which, indeed, very nearly came up to them, and then looked down to where the fringed ends showed beneath the bottom of his coat. The comforter was certainly uncomfortably warm, and the day was mild and sunny; but Johnny was in the mood to promise anything, therefore he gravely nodded.

Presently the sound of wheels was heard, and Jim Fry's "trap" halted outside the little garden-gate. Jim

himself looked very smart in his best clothes; his hat being set on at a knowing angle over his well-sleeked locks; a nosegay about the size of a saucer in his button-hole. There were flowers, too, at the horse's ears, and the harness was polished to a nicety.

"Now, then, how had we best divide?" inquired Jim. "Suppose you sit next me, Maggie, and Rosie 't other side of you? And if you'll get up behind wi' the little chap, Mr. Reed, you'll just about balance us."

John Reed stared a little, winked solemnly at his wife, and finally agreed; and the girls came tripping down the path, Maggie blushing as she clambered into the cart, while Rosie, with many giggles, ascended on the other side. Then little John waved his hand from his place beside his father, big John shouted "Right!" in a stentorian voice, Jim Fry cracked the whip, and they were off.

Oh, what a merry drive was that, the old horse hammering along briskly, up the hills as well as down, and covering the ground at a prodigious rate, constantly overtaking other parties of pleasure-seekers who were proceeding more soberly, some in wagons, some on foot, some in little donkey-carts. Now the pretty village of Stourpaine was left behind; a few old folks came to their doors to look after the dashing equipage, and some children ran for a little way beside the horse; now they turned off by Steepleton, and for a little while enjoyed the shade of the plantation further on, and at last they drew near the scene of the Fair itself, being forced to proceed more slowly, for the road was well-nigh blocked with vehicles.

A mingled and extraordinary din greeted their ears as they approached. The shrieking music of the merry-go-rounds mingling with the shouting and laughter of many voices, the banging of the shooting-galleries, the hoarse cries intermingled with trumpet-blasts from proprietors of the different shows.

Johnny was at first disposed to be alarmed, and clutched his father's hand somewhat tightly, but when the latter cheerily remarked that it was "rare sport" the little fellow strove to put away his fears, and to think it rare sport too.

Presently he was securely mounted on John Reed's great shoulders, and watched the jumping of the horses, which were sent from all parts of the country for sale. It was exciting to see the dealers flap their crackling calico flags, and with strange, uncouth cries urge on the animal actually under inspection to show off his paces, and to leap an adjoining hedge—the latter feat being one not often accomplished, the rider indeed, much to the delight of the lookers-on, more frequently taking the fence than the horse. It was, however, a very amusing sight, and Johnny shouted and laughed and drummed on his father's chest with his shining little boots and stared about him at the seething mass of heads, and at the horses thundering past, and at those other horses tied up in pickets or rows, some of them plentifully bedecked with ribbons, while the manes and tails of others were curiously ornamented with straw. Over yonder were the booths and the tents and the wagons, and the red-and-yellow roundabouts and the swings and the shooting-galleries, and the crowds and crowds of merry folk. Johnny's spirits rose more and more as the moments passed, and he presently found himself obliged not only to drum upon his father's chest, but to jig up and down upon his shoulder, supporting himself by the crown of John Reed's best Sunday hat.

"Hold hard!" cried his parent good-naturedly, when a more than usually ecstatic movement had well-nigh bonneted him. "Sit still, my lad. Where be climbin' to, eh?"

"I'm lookin' at the roundabouts," chanted Johnny; "all the folks ridin', and the hares goin' up an' down. There's Maggie and Jim—and Rosie a-ridin' behind! O-o-oh, Dada, do 'ee take I to 'em!"

"Well, a promise is a promise. I did say I'd take 'ee, didn't I? Come along, then—jump down! That's the boy! Now we'll go. Which shall it be? That big, great red un?"—as the child pointed with his small forefinger. "We'll make straight for he, then. Now, will 'ee ride in front o' Dada, or will 'ee have a horse all to yourself?"

Johnny's eyes were growing rounder and rounder, and his little hot hand clutched his father's finger with almost feverish eagerness, as he answered stoutly that he'd like to ride all by his own self.

"Well done!" cried Reed admiringly. "You wouldn't think the spirit of 'em," he remarked to the red-faced proprietress of the merry-go-round as he paid the fare. "Ye'd think a little chap same as this 'ud be a-feared to go alone. But no, not he. 'I'd like to ride all by my own self,' says he, as cool as a cucumber—an' him but jist turned four years old."

It was pleasant to see the pair circling to the sound of the diabolical music: the father perspiring with terror on the child's account, with one great hand hovering over him, ready to support him at the smallest sign of wavering, his huge form ridiculously out of proportion to his wooden steed, his long legs trailing; the son, very red in the face, clutched the wooden neck of his horse with strong, resolute little hands, his eyes bright with rapture, his smile growing broader and broader until at length he was forced to chuckle aloud for glee.

Well, they had two rides on the roundabouts, and then they went on the switchback, and then they went in a swing, and then Reed bought a large flabby cake and a couple of very green apples, and while Johnny was

munching these dainties they suddenly knocked up against an acquaintance whom his father had not seen for years. There was much greeting and hand-shaking and questioning—the two deep voices booming over the child's head, which was now beginning to swim a little, partly the result of so much agitation, and partly, perhaps, because those very green apples began to make him feel rather uncomfortable.

He hung more and more heavily on his father's hand, and at last, his short legs giving way beneath him, he fairly dropped on the ground.

"Gettin' tired, eh?" said Reed, glancing down at him. "Come, we'll look for Maggie and Rosie, and get 'em to take 'ee somewhere where ye can sit down and rest for a bit."

Lifting him up, he threaded his way through the crowd, followed by his new acquaintance. Soon they came upon the two girls, who, provided with an admirer apiece, were gleefully "shying" at cocoanuts.

They readily agreed to take charge of Johnny, and their father, turning to Jim Fry, informed him that he intended to return home on foot as he had met an old friend, and when they had finished with the Fair they would probably go to the village for a glass or two.

"Right, Sir, right," returned Jim amiably. "I'll take care of the two young ladies, without Tom Davis there likes to get up at the back along of Rosie to keep the balance even."

And here Jim grinned and winked knowingly.

"I'd 'low he won't have no objections," returned Reed good-humouredly. "But ye must see and take 'em home afore dark, Jim, same as ye did promise the missus. And take good care o' Johnny, maids, whatever ye do."

Johnny had by this time stared his fill at the cocoanuts, and now came backing up against his father, turning suddenly as the latter was about to move away.

"I want to stop with Dada!" he cried. "Let me go with you, Dada?"

"Ah, he be ter'ble fond o' Dada, that he be," remarked John to his friend. "Never was such a chap for wantin' to be alays at my heels. There, but ye must stop with sister now, Johnny—and Dada 'ull come back for 'ee by-and-bye."

"You'll not keep the child out late, father, will ye?" inquired Maggie anxiously. "Ye'll let him come home wi' us."

But he had already turned away.

Johnny was at first disposed to lament, but was somewhat consoled on being invited to try his luck with the cocoanuts; the sticks thrown by his small arm, however, fell wide of the mark, and presently his lip began to droop again and his eyes to roam wistfully.

"Why, you haven't spent your money yet," cried Rosie, catching him up. "Come, we'll go to the stalls and find summat to buy."

After Johnny was perambulated up and down the stuffy arcade between the rows of shouting, excited vendors of toys, sweet-stuff, and crockery, after he had paused irresolutely in front of several booths, and screwed and unscrewed his precious little squeaking box any number of times, he found himself unable to part with his three-penny-bit, and finally agreed, with a sigh of satisfaction, to follow Rosie's advice and keep it for another day.

They went to a shooting-gallery next, and the noise made Johnny's head ache; and then to a peep-show, which he didn't understand; and then to watch an acrobatic performance, which failed to interest him.

The day was wearing on now, and he was becoming very tired. He dragged at his sister's skirts as he walked beside her, and his head was ever turned backwards over his shoulder in the hope of descriing "Dada." Big folk going past tumbled over him or pushed him to one side with curt admonitory remarks. "Now, then, my man!" "Out of the way, youngster!" "Look where you are going, can't you, child!" Even Maggie and Rosie, who were themselves probably a little weary, began to lose patience with him, and when, under his despairing clutch, the gathers of the elder sister's dress gave way, she shook him, not roughly, but irritably, and said sharply—

"Bless me, Johnny, hold up a bit, can't 'ee? Jist see what ye've a-done to my new dress."

Thereupon all Johnny's stoicism gave way, and he began to cry piteously. "I want Dada, I want Dada!"

"Why, he's over there—see!" cried Jim Fry, who had found Johnny by no means a welcome addition to the party.

"Look, Johnny, there's Dada standin' jist by that tent. He'll be comin' to fetch 'ee in a minute."

Sure enough the stalwart form of the elder John was plainly discernible some fifty yards or so away.

"Let me go to him!" wailed the child. "I want to go to Dada—I will go to Dada!"

And thrusting aside Maggie's hand, he broke from the little group and ran at full speed towards the spot where his father was standing.

"Best let him go," advised Jim, catching hold of Maggie as she was about to start in pursuit. "He'll be twice so happy wi' he, and you know your father did say he was a-comin' back to fetch en."

"That's true," assented she.

As they stood watching the little figure making its way among the groups of people, Tom Davis came up in great excitement, with Rosie on his arm.

"There's a man over there as is eatin' fire!" he called out. "I never see sich a thing in my life! He be a-swallerin' yards of it. 'Tis a kind of a ribbon, and he do set a light to one end, and do put it in his mouth, and goes on a-swallerin' and a-swallerin'! Ye never did see sich a thing! His cheeks—there, ye can very nigh look through them! Come quick, else it will be over. He've a-been doin' all sorts o' things—playin' w' knives and a-pullin' rolls and rolls o' coloured ribbons out of his mouth. Dear heart alive, how he can keep all they things inside of him I can't think! But come along quick—this way!"

Maggie turned her head for a last look at Johnny, who was by this time but a few yards away from the tent near which John Reed was standing; and then, deciding in her own mind that he was now quite safe, hastened away with the others.

But Johnny was not quite safe: though so close to his father that two or three of the latter's strides would have covered the space between them, he was not destined to reach his side that day.

Lo! just as he was preparing to uplift his shrill, little voice, and call ecstatically on his parent, there was a sudden stampede among the crowd, and Johnny found himself lifted off his feet. One of the colts exposed for sale had broken loose, and, excited by the strange medley of sights and sounds around him, was galloping madly hither and thither, snorting and lashing out with his heels. A big, bearded farmer had caught up the little chap in his arms and ran with him out of harm's way. In a few moments he halted breathless, and set the child upon his feet.

"They've caught en, I see," he said: "no fear now. There, give over hollerin', my boy; nobody wants to hurt 'ee. If I hadn't a-catched 'ee up ye'd ha' been run over."

Johnny gave one scared look at the kind, red face, shook off the hand upon his shoulder, and then made off as fast as his tired little legs would carry him in the direction of the tent where he had last seen his father standing. But alas! no father was to be seen, and the poor little fellow, wailing aloud, began a fruitless search for him amid the throng.

He did not find him; perhaps because the elder John had already left the Fair, perhaps because the younger, though he imagined himself to be covering a large area, was in reality wandering round and round about the same place. Nobody noticed his continuous cry—there were many tired children at Shroton Fair that day—and now the dusk was beginning to fall the heads of families were too busy gathering together their own belongings to take heed of a fretful stranger. So Johnny stumbled wearily along, and at last, being thoroughly worn out, climbed into a wicker chair which formed part of a large assemblage of basket wares, and resolved to wait until "Dada" came by.

Here he crouched with his legs tucked beneath him, his cap far back on his dishevelled yellow locks, big tears hanging on his eyelashes, and one little forefinger between his lips—the picture of childish woe.

Every now and then he would fancy he descried the burly figure of his father advancing towards him, and would crane his head with an eager cry; but when the figure drew near it would always prove to be that of a stranger, and then Johnny would sob, and sink back again—a mere little heap of misery.

After long waiting and fruitless watching, Johnny's little head began to droop, and his heavy lids closed gradually over his blue eyes; he sank backwards in the low chair, and presently forgot all his troubles in sleep.

It was quite dark when he was suddenly startled into consciousness by the pressure of a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and the sound of a rough voice in his ear.

"Hullo—what's this? What be you-a-doin' in my chair?"

Silverlocks herself could not have been more bewildered by the advent of the Three Bears than was Johnny as he sat up, blinking at what seemed to him a gigantic form dimly outlined in the dusk: he was positively voiceless with terror.

"Who gave 'ee leave to go to sleep in my chair, ye little rascal?" continued the new-comer, and in

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple have enrolled their names as members of the Order of Rechabites at Exeter. The Archbishop has been a teetotaler for seventeen years, and his zeal in the cause seems to grow with advancing age. He is by no means hopeless of obtaining Temperance legislation from the new Parliament.

The Bishop of Rochester, who was the first Bishop appointed by Lord Salisbury after his return to power in 1895, will take his seat in the House of Lords after the resignation of the Bishop of Exeter.

The Round Table Conference at Fulham Palace, which lasted from Wednesday evening till Saturday morning,

was not open to the Press. The fourteen members of the Conference were entertained at the Palace till its conclusion. The discussions occupied nearly six hours of each day, with a break of three hours after luncheon.

The *Guardian* gives a description of the last Church Congress at Brighton, which can hardly fail to frighten nervous people away from next year's meetings. Five thousand persons tried to get into the Dome, which has only room for three thousand, and "a more excitable multitude has rarely been brought together." Happily, even Exeter Hall has taken warning from the recent dangerous crush at Mr. Sankey's reception, and the organisers of Church meetings generally have become more wary in the distribution of tickets.

Temperance reform on the lines promoted by the Bishop of Chester is making quiet but real progress. Bishop Jayne's nephew, the Rev. J. W. N. Bardsley, Rector of Ulverston, has started in his parish a gymnasium and club for young men, with a first-class billiard-table and bar. At the bar members over twenty-one can obtain two glasses (but no more) of beer or stout. The rector, who is himself a life-long teetotaler, opened the first bottle of stout for the men at the inauguration of the new club, and with his curate acted for a few minutes as barman. The building is to be opened on Oct. 19.

The Dean of Ripon sails for America early in November, and will be absent until nearly Christmas. He is to lecture at Harvard University.

The *Church Times* makes an earnest appeal to harvest-decorators to moderate their zeal. The sacred building and its furniture are apt to become at this time of the year so many surfaces on which to nail up some fantastic design in flowers, vegetables, or even fish. In one fishing village it is usual to hang up festoons of flounders, while in another live cockles are considered appropriate emblems. Most people will agree with the *Church Times* that our harvest festivals are tending to become ridiculous, if not profane, and that beautiful old buildings should not be tricked out like florists' or greengrocers' shops.

One of the most venerable organists in the kingdom is Dr. W. H. Longhurst, of Canterbury, who was born in 1819. He sang as a chorister at the installation of Archbishop Howley in 1828. For thirteen years—from 1885 to 1898—he was organist of the Cathedral, and has done admirable work in improving the musical services. Although he has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday, he is in good health, and is full of reminiscences of his most interesting career.

V.



He was securely mounted on John Reed's great shoulders.

another moment the little fellow's seat was lifted up, and his own little person was sent sprawling on the ground.

Uttering a choked wail, the child scrambled to his feet and gazed about him; all was strange, dark, and terrifying; undefined shapes loomed through the dusk; the lights flashing out here and there intensified the prevailing gloom; a babel of voices intermingled with the shouts and laughter sounded in the distance. Two or three unknown figures now drew near to him, and one stretched out its hand.

"Now, then, little man, who may you be?" said a thick voice which he had never heard before.

Johnny started back, gasped, and then, terror lending him wings, darted swiftly from the group and fled away into the darkness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



THE HOUSE IN THE BRITISH LEGATION IN WHICH M. PICHON, THE FRENCH MINISTER, AND THE LADIES OF HIS EMBASSY LIVED DURING THE SIEGE.

From a Photograph by a Correspondent.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



"BOXER" LOOPHOLES OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. GILES.

The wall is the one which was built by the Chinese in 1898, and is the one which was destroyed by the Boxers in 1900.



THE INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL IN THE BRITISH LEGATION: A GROUP OF PATIENTS AND NURSES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. B. JONES.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

Photographs by Messrs. L. G. G. and L. R. Barr.



1. The German First Secretary's House, wrecked by Chinese Shells.

2. The British First Secretary's House, barricaded against Chinese Fire.

3. British Marines from H.M.S. *Orlando*, who held the Barricades in the Han Lin College.

4. The Japanese Line of Defence, held by the British and shattered by Chinese Shells.

5. Japanese Defence Work, partly destroyed by Chinese Shells.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

From Photographs by Mr. L. Giles.



THE PROTECTED WAY ACROSS THE IMPERIAL CANAL GIVING COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE BRITISH LEGATION AND THE GARRISON OF PRINCE SU'S PALACE.



THE FIRE AT PEKING: RUINS OF CHINESE HOUSES NEAR THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



WITHIN THE WALL OF THE BRITISH LEGATION DURING THE DEFENCE

From a Photograph by a Correspondent.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There has been a strong attempt to delay the close of the Exhibition for at least a month, but the Government will adhere to the original date fixed for the purpose, or grant at the utmost an extension of a week; hence it is no exaggeration to talk of "the beginning of the end," as I have said. I am, however, not using the words in the sense he did. For reasons which were not particularly creditable to him, he viewed the coming collapse of the First Empire with a kind of satisfaction. I am not singular in looking forward to the results of the greatest effort ever accomplished by modern civilisation with a feeling of sincere regret, which is heightened by the almost practical certainty of its not being repeated in my time. There was much, and there remains much, in this stupendous achievement which, to put it mildly, was trivial and puerile; nevertheless, there is much more that is simply admirable, and not only admirable, but justifying the claim of the French to be considered the greatest nation of artists on the face of the earth. To lay for them and for posterity at large, some of these features, purely inspired by the highest conception of art, will remain, and Keats shall not have said in vain: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

The end of this stupendous effort already is and still further promises to be much more glorious than its beginning; for if I am to judge by my own personal experience, Paris is much fuller now than it was during the months of June and July, and the influx of strangers, both native and alien, shows no sign of abatement. And for the week ending Oct. 13, the weather has become the auxiliary of the Exhibition's projectors, for with the exception of a few hours of most welcome rain tempering the more than ordinary heat, the sun has shone uninterruptedly. I do not know whether the Parisian shopkeepers have made hay during that period, for an old hand like myself does not go purchasing right and left, much though he may see to admire; but the hotel-proprietors have literally taken "the ball at the rebound," and done the best they could for themselves. It is but just to say that, considering all circumstances, they have not been outrageously exacting. I have heard of big prices for by no means sumptuously appointed rooms, and, as a rule, foreigners have been made the victims, or, if not foreigners, the best class of the French bourgeoisie.

This, though, is scarcely more than natural. The French provincial of the stratum below that just mentioned never forgets his arithmetic. Wherever he wanders, and wherever he roams, he insists on two and two making four, and every now and again he even insists upon two and two making three and a half in the case of his having to disburse the amount. The category of this carefully calculating visitor has, during the last three months, been in the majority, and was flanked by a category of equally frugal and thrifty foreigners, Germans especially, with both of which, as a hotel-proprietor graphically expressed it, "the struggle for a few additional pence was hourly." These two kinds have not entirely disappeared, but they are slowly wending their way homeward, and are being replaced by hatches of superior tourists who are willing, and justly willing, to consider that Paris, in laying itself out to be a pleasure-city for the whole world and its wife, must reap its reward accordingly.

There is a goodly sprinkling of Englishmen *de bon aloi* and *de bonne allure* among the new-comers, and I am pleased to notice that the noisy, roystering, carousing, and often the reverse of pleasant excursionist is entirely absent. The English who are here are unquestionably those of the right sort, capable, more or less, of helping themselves linguistically, enjoying the fleshpots of France's capital, and after having dined wisely and well, repairing to the theatres, which, with the exception of one, are fairly accessible in the matter of price. They may have to pay a couple of francs more for their stalls than in normal times, but the increase is not important.

The sole exception is Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, and the death of prices is neither a question of speculation on the great actress's part, nor has it been produced artificially either by the booking agencies or the humble *marchands de billets*. I do not know the holding capacity of the play-house on the Place du Châtelet. This much I do know: if it were thrice as large as it is, it would still be filled to overflowing at every performance both morning and evening. At the hour of writing, there will be no more than about eighteen of these, and then Madame Bernhardt goes to America. I have not seen "L'Aiglon"; I shall do so shortly, for I managed to secure a stall—without difficulty, which might have been avoided had I pursued my usual tactics. But I went to the agencies, like other people, and after waiting for a little while was precluded from uttering my request by the announcement, made in a loud voice, that those who wished to see Madame Bernhardt had better await her return from the United States. I would not fall in with the suggestion, and went to the theatre. It was 10 a.m.; the booking-office opens at eleven. There was a crowd at the booking-office—for there was no performance—at least twenty yards long. Then I bethought myself of my old system, and went to the *marchand de vin* next door and got the wished-for seat at 16fr., only 6fr. above the ordinary tariff. It is the same with the restaurants. One has only to know the ropes.

Meanwhile, King Leopold of Belgium has arrived, and King George of Greece is expected. These, with the King of Sweden, who came and went some months since, make three European sovereigns whom the French will have entertained. The number is not excessive, compared to that of former occasions. For this decrease of crowned guests the French have partly to blame themselves. They ought to have remembered that Kings can also combine to enforce respect for their corporation, and that slight offered to one are resented by the others. That three rulers have overlooked the fact is probably due to their consciousness of past obligations, which are a matter of history.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, D. MACKAY.—We are pleased to hear from you again, and hope to find your problems as attractive as before.

W. M. KELLY (Worthing).—In your proposed solution of No. 2943 what happens when Black's reply to 1. R to K 2nd is R to Kt 8th (ch)? You are also wrong with No. 2946.

C. W. (Sunderbury).—Thanks for further diagram. We have not kept the previous one, but our proposed "cock" was certainly there.

C. E. P. (Kensington).—If, as you suggest, 1. R to Q 2nd, K to R 3rd; 2. B to Kt 8th, Kt to B 6th; and there is no mate.

F. RYDER (Ipswich).—In problem No. 2943, if you play 1. B to Q 5th, Black continues K to R 3rd; 2. B to Kt 8th, and Kt to B 5th is the defence.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—Your problem, No. 38, can be solved by 1. Q takes Q P, etc.

C. B. MARY.—We think your problem is quite T. It shall be published in a few weeks.

E. C. WEATHERLEY.—We do not know.

H. A. SALMAN.—No, we admit of another solution by 1. Kt to Q 4th, and No. 88a by 1. B to Kt 3rd. No. 88a is correct and mailed for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2932 and 2933 received from Eyd Long (Sunderbury); of Nos. 2938 and 2939 from C. A. M. (Penny); of No. 2940 from E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2943 from Charles Field (Athol, Mass.) and George Dwyer Farmer, M.D. (Amherst, Ontario); of No. 2944 from E. C. Weatherley (Sunderbury), F. B. Worthing, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Edward J. Sharpe, J. Muxworthy (Hook), and W. M. Kelly (Worthing); of No. 2945 from Heward, F. J. Candy (Cambridge Wells), J. Muxworthy, L. Rice (Epsom), J. Dwyer Newark, Edward J. Sharpe, W. M. Kelly, Joseph Oxford (Liverpool), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), and Captain J. A. Chubb (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2946 received from Edith (Coser Regent), J. Muxworthy, Heward, H. S. Brandreth (Meran), F. J. Candy, Martin F., Major Nangle (Jahlin), J. F. Moon, Charles Burnett, F. Dalby, W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), C. E. Penginn, Salford, R. Womers (Canterbury), F. W. Moore (Brighton), J. D. Tucker (Haley), and F. B. (Worthing).

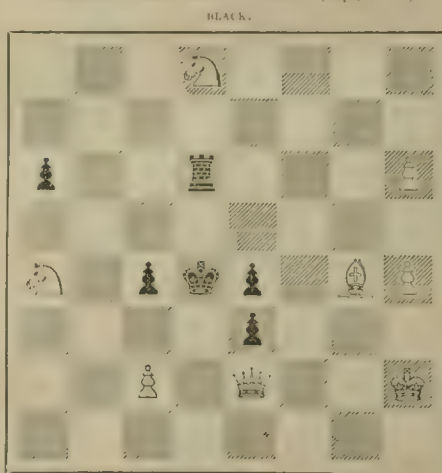
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2945.—By W. H. GIBNEY.

WHITE.
1. R to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to Q 3rd double (ch)
3. Kt to K 6th, mate.

BLACK.
K to R 8th (ch)
K to Q 5th

If Black 1. R to K 4th, 2. K to Kt 4th (ch), and H. 1. Kt to R sq, then 2. R to K 3rd (ch), K to Q 5th; 3. Kt to K 6th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2948.—By W. C. BROSSMAN (Napoli, U.S.A.).



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and E. HYMES, Queen's Pawn Game.

WHITE (Mr. M.). **BLACK (Mr. H.).**
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
3. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
4. P to B 4th P to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
7. P to K 3rd P to K 4th
8. P takes B P takes B
9. Q to Q 2nd P to K 4th
10. Q takes P P takes P
11. Q takes P B to B 3rd
12. P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 4th
13. Q to K 4th Q to K 2nd
14. Q takes P
15. No doubt White purposely gave up the case for Dames, which begin to show under power here.
16. Q takes B P P takes Kt
17. Kt to R 3rd R to Q sq
18. Kt to Q 3rd Q to K 5th
19. P to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
20. P takes Q P White would reply Q takes Q P, threatening mate by Kt to B 7th, etc.
21. R to Kt 2nd
22. P to Q 4th
23. Kt to K 3rd
24. P to K 3rd
25. Kt to K 3rd
26. P to K 3rd
27. P to K 3rd
28. P to K 3rd
29. Kt to K 3rd
30. P to K 3rd
31. P to K 3rd
32. P to K 3rd
33. Kt to K 3rd
34. P to K 3rd
35. P to K 3rd
36. P to K 3rd
37. P to K 3rd
38. Kt to K 3rd
39. P to K 3rd
40. P to K 3rd
41. P to K 3rd
42. P to K 3rd
43. P to K 3rd
44. P to K 3rd
45. P to K 3rd
46. P to K 3rd
47. P to K 3rd

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played in the Dutch Congress between Messrs. H. B. VAN RHIN and R. LOMAX, Queen's Pawn Game.

WHITE (Mr. van R.). **BLACK (Mr. L.).**
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
3. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
4. P to B 4th P to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. Kt to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
7. P to K 3rd P to K 4th
8. P takes B P takes B
9. Q to Q 2nd P to K 4th
10. Q takes P P takes P
11. Q takes P B to B 3rd
12. P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 4th
13. Q to K 4th Q to K 2nd
14. Q takes P
15. No doubt White purposely gave up the case for Dames, which begin to show under power here.
16. Q takes B P P takes Kt
17. Kt to R 3rd R to Q sq
18. Kt to Q 3rd Q to K 5th
19. P to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
20. P takes Q P White would reply Q takes Q P, threatening mate by Kt to B 7th, etc.
21. R to Kt 2nd
22. P to Q 4th
23. Kt to K 3rd
24. P to K 3rd
25. Kt to K 3rd
26. P to K 3rd
27. P to K 3rd
28. P to K 3rd
29. Kt to K 3rd
30. P to K 3rd
31. P to K 3rd
32. P to K 3rd
33. Kt to K 3rd
34. P to K 3rd
35. P to K 3rd
36. P to K 3rd
37. P to K 3rd
38. Kt to K 3rd
39. P to K 3rd
40. P to K 3rd
41. P to K 3rd
42. P to K 3rd
43. P to K 3rd
44. P to K 3rd
45. P to K 3rd
46. P to K 3rd
47. P to K 3rd

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Already we are in the season of the sear and yellow, and the chill winds of autumn herald the frost and the snow of coming days. To-day, as I walk through the wood to the sea, a bright sun tints everything of a golden hue, and sends one's thoughts back to the time of the summer and the golden reaping that has brought the fruits of the earth in their due season to reward the industry of man. But there is a dying feeling in the air despite the flash of sunlight on the trees and the sea, and the falling leaves remind us only too vividly that the year has gone far in its decline. The brackens show a russet-brown, which has replaced the green of earlier days; the oak-leaf has lost its colour, and the chestnut likewise is ridding itself of its fanlike leaves, that are strewn the pathway seared and worn, falling like soldiers who have been exhausted in the vital fight.

It is only plants that have struggled through ages of hardship that come to the front and retain their greenness through the time of the frost and snow. The pines and firs expose little of leaf to the blast, and retain their needle-like belongings when other branches are bare and clear of all vegetation. The holly too, through much tribulation, no doubt, has come to enjoy its own in the way of abundant and lasting leafage, and makes a joy for us at Yuletide, along with its parasitic congener the mistletoe. This last too, groping in the byways of parasitism, has lived its life successfully enough. It has fattened on the substance of other plants. It represents a class of organism which flourishes on the free-lunch system. It is a lodger and a boarder on its plant-host, and like certain dissipated Hibernians, declines to pay any rent whatever. But holly and mistletoe flourish when other plants are bare, because they have adapted themselves to their environment, and this last, as Herbert Spencer would tell us, is the secret of all successful living. What escapes the mind untrained in the delights of scientific thought, when considering the lilies and other things, is the marvellous expenditure of vital power which is represented in the production of the leaves that are falling to-day, and in the development of branch and stem and all other parts of plants. When you contemplate a budding hedgerow, with its leaves bursting forth in all the exuberance of the spring-time, have you ever thought of the enormous amount of energy which is represented in this preparation for the coming year of active life? Energy is "the power of doing work," and whether it is man or the plant we are studying, the source of the power each exhibits is the same. It is all derived from the food consumed, just as the locomotive that speeds you along the iron highway obtains its power from the coal and water with which you feed it—or, as George Stephenson put it, the energy of the sun's light bottled up in the form of coal, and liberated in the engine-furnace, is the real source of our railway power.

So that whether we think of plants putting forth a tremendous amount of force in the making and constructing of their leaves and flowers, or whether we contemplate the roar and rush of an express train, we arrive at precisely the same conclusion—namely, that to get power you have got to pay for it. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit*, is as true of the making of a leaf as of the building of a warship. We have Dame Nature husbanding up her powers all through the winter and the spring, and then she liberates her energy as leaf expands and bud unfolds, and, behold! the world is clad in its mantle of green.

When the time of the fall of the leaf arrives, Nature's chief work in the plant-world—the production of the flower, and through it, of the seed—has been accomplished. Then comes the task of clearing away the vital debris, which is no longer a necessary thing, but, on the contrary, a hindrance to the developments which the future will see accomplished. This is why leaves fall. They are the dead things which, no longer useful to the living organism, may, by their decay in the soil, assist the development of energy in the days to come. There is a decided plan followed out, even in the ways and works which have for their aim the separation of the leaf from its parent stem. Most of us might think the leaf breaks off mechanically, and is done with. This is not so. The fall of a leaf is really an act of vital separation of that which is moribund or dead from tissues that no longer require to support it, and to which it would prove only an encumbrance.

It is true that in some cases, such as we find presented in the palms and in certain ferns, the leaf-fall is simply a process of withering. The leaf-tissues die, and the leaf finally shrivels up and vanishes away. Our task is in the same position. Its leaves wither and fall because they are not jointed or articulated to the branch. But in the majority of plants you will find that the falling leaf is really an act of veritable dying and death. It is the cutting-off from the leaf of its vital supply, and, as a result, its death and its drop. Now when, by aid of the microscope, we peer into this process, we find layers of cells, produced by the division of the original cells that form part of the stalk, near to where the stalk joins the stem. The cells multiply and form a kind of partition layer between the leaf on the one side and its branch on the other. Then comes a new and still more curious feature in the killing of the leaf. In the middle of this partition of cells we find a certain layer of them to exhibit a process of decay. They lose their vitality, and practically die, so that a dead layer has come to intervene between the leaf outside and the tree inside, of which it was part. Nothing now binds the leaf to the tree save a few dead threads of the vessels that once held it in its place. The weight of the leaf, swayed by every wind of heaven, soon widens this "little rift within the lute," and the leaf falls, cut off from the parent branch whence it issued in all the glory of its vitality in the spring-time that is past.

Scars heal up in trees, as they heal everywhere else. Herein also, we find cells developed as a part of the healing process, and plant-nature, saving rid itself of its old things, waits in peace, harbouring its stores of vital force, that in due season it may make the new.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

From Photographs by Mr. L. Giles.



CIVILIANS THROWING UP EARTHWORKS BEFORE THE SIEGE.

Immediately before the siege began the British Legation coolies were called out to throw up earthworks across the road leading to the front gate of the Embassy.



A CHINESE CAMP, FROM THE GERMAN POSITION.

The soldiers all came out to be photographed, and were afterwards driven away by their officer.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.



RUSSIANS REPELLING THE "BOXER" ATTACK ON THE BARRICADE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. GILES.

This barricade was thrown up by the Russians, but was afterwards replaced by a brick wall. Baron von Dablen is in command of the detachment.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. (London: John Murray, 6s.)
A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
The Love that Lasts. By Louise Warden. (London: Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.)
The Romance of Spain. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. (London: Macmillan and Co., 7s.)
Monica Grey. By Lady Hely-Hutchinson. (London: John Murray, 2s. 6d.)
The Princess of Copper. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. (London: White)

"The Sad Case of Miss Mary Wilkins" would be a more suggestive title for her new story than "The Heart's Highway." Here is a writer who has made a signal



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE HEART'S HIGHWAY."
 Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray

reputation by her tales of New England character. We all admire her delicate observation, which reminds us at times of Jane Austen. She has established herself in our regard by qualities which have the real distinction of literature, and now she must needs trifle with that position by writing a story about Virginia in the year 1682 in that exasperating manner which our modern historical novelists suppose to belong to the period. All Miss Wilkins's peculiar grace and insight have disappeared. She knows nothing of the Virginians of the year 1682, and she writes with affected simplicity about a beautiful heroine and an immaculate hero, whose self-sacrifice is the feeblest imaginable echo of Henry Esmond. Miss Wilkins's young man is apostrophised in this fashion on account of his goodness: "Harry, thou art like a knight of olden times about whom a song was written, which I heard sung in my girlhood, and which used to bring the tears, though I was never too ready with them." We have no tears for Miss Wilkins's romance of the gentleman who is unjustly branded as a convict. He is a prig and a bore, and the whole narrative of his adventures is unspeakably lifeless and artificial. We implore Miss Wilkins to shun Virginia and every State of the American Union save Massachusetts. There she is at home; there let her remain, and give us as many studies as she pleases of the country-folk who have delighted us in her best work.

"A Master of Craft" is even more amusing than "Many Carriages." Indeed, it may be said that in his own "line" of humour Mr. Jacobs has no rival among the writers of the day. His is not the elemental fun of the really great humorists. They all died many years ago, and until their fit successors are found we may be thankful that we have such writers as Mr. Jacobs to beguile us with his comical sailormen. He extracts fun from his characters in two ways. Usually you have the humours and oddities of slow-minded seafaring men who get into strange predicaments, and then offer quaintly solemn opinions on things in general, to our vast delectation. Obviously a good deal of this mirth must depend on the invention, mechanically, of absurd situations, and Mr. Jacobs is prolific in such inventions. But, besides that, in this book there is another and a higher kind of humour—a humour that is not farcical: of character, not of situation. Of such is the humour shown in portraying the career of that "master of craft," Cap'n Flower, and of his worthy uncle, Cap'n Barber. These gentlemen both pride themselves on their astuteness in dealing with what Cap'n Barber calls the "sects," and

in the end the ladies get the better of both, after bringing them into many mirth-provoking situations. Flower and Barber and Mrs. Church are more than pegs to hang jokes on: they are, in an unpretentious way, studies of character also. But even though these things give some unity of idea to the book, it nevertheless leaves an impression of disjointedness. Comical situations are heaped on comical situations till the impulse of the book is lost. Mr. Jacobs should devote his keen sense of fun to bigger efforts in the future. Humour, and nothing else, becomes the dreariest thing in life. But, when all qualifications are stated, this is a book to delight in.

The sneers commonly levelled at "Kailyard" novels may or may not be merited, but readers of Miss Warden's latest effort will probably own that as studies of life they generally outweigh in value "The Love that Lasts." Miss Warden apparently draws her inspiration largely from that burlesque presentation of Scotch character with which playgoers are familiar. As for her essays at dialect, "sakes, it crows a'!" No Highlander would recognise his soft, slurring, but oftenest correct English in the Galloway-cum-Crocket-cum-Warden under notice. It is, perhaps, superfluous to point out that "the love that lasts" began rather late in the day—when the heroine had, for no particular reason, and against her avowed intentions, pledged herself to marry a man who inspired in her no love at all, lasting or otherwise. The discovery, made on her wedding-day, that her husband is on the verge of insanity, is the merest peccadillo when compared with the depths of infamy disclosed later on; equally, of course, it goes without saying that the conduct of this injured wife is throughout the noblest conceivable, and that she and her true lover stand on a dazzling pinnacle of virtue, above reproach. Miss Warden sticks at nothing; she brings her heroine through trials enough to kill any ordinary woman with consummate ease, and delivers her into her lover's arms after an orthodox—but superfluous—misunderstanding. Brueneau, the impish French boy, who is really a woman, and who, "behind the locked door," lives a life of sensuous luxury, is a frankly impossible creation, and the Highland lairds are merely grotesque and absurd. It is consoling to remember that the numerous readers to whom this sort of thing appeals, and who will read it round-eyed and with quickening pulses, are not likely to have their moral sense damaged in the process. The end is a triumph to sheer virtue, which one would willingly believe to be equally inevitable in this world of things as they are.

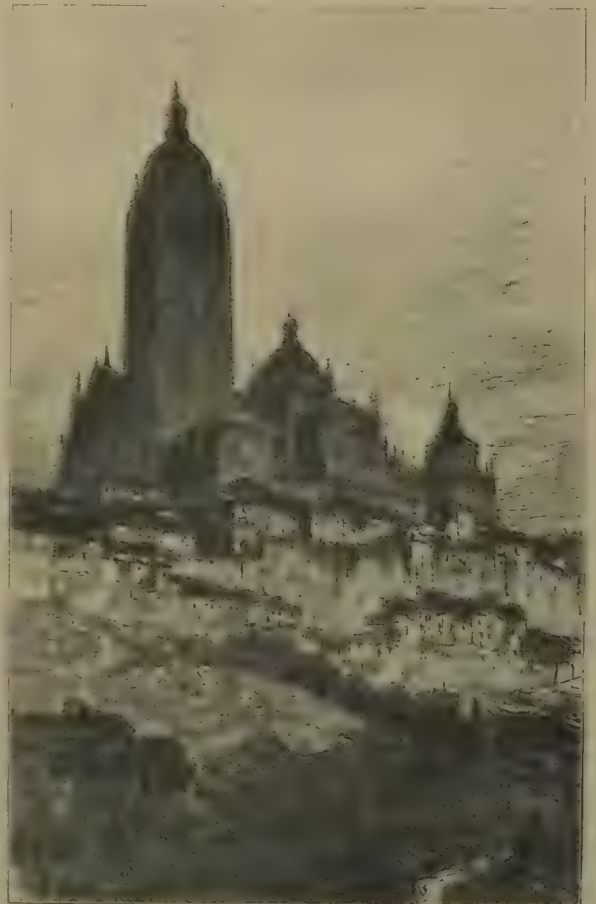
Mr. Wood has written an interesting book round a subject he has scarcely made his own. He has looked for what he is pleased to call the romance of Spain in the great cities of the north, in San Sebastian and Madrid, which are more French than Spanish, in Burgos, Segovia, Toledo, and some other towns which are no more to-day than shadows of great names. He has made rash statements—e.g., "The Spaniards love noise; their voices are loud, harsh, and unmusical"; "In Spain, women do most of the work—men look on approvingly." His style is neither literary nor pleasing, though he is well informed. The man who travels south of the Pyrenees armed with a little knowledge of Spanish language and history cannot fail to be powerfully impressed by the time-stricken cities of the north, with their crumbling houses, grass-grown squares, tottering cathedrals, and silent life, but he may not fairly depict these cities and claim to have observed or understood the romance of Spain. He must go to the south, to Cordova, City of the Western Caliphs; to white-walled Jerez de la Frontera, to Seville, most romantic city of Europe; to Granada and the Alhambra, to Malaga. Then, too, he must visit Valencia and Barcelona, towns whose place in the national estimation may be judged by their rule that only the leading matadores may handle the sword and muleta; and while he may observe, admire, and nourish his enthusiasm on enchanted hours, he must not generalise, he must lay down no rules by which to judge Spain and Spaniards. He must take them as they take life, claiming nothing, expecting nothing, so long as the sun is hot in the heavens, and wine, music, and bull-fights are plentiful and cheap. To seek the manners, morals, and customs of England or Germany is to court disappointment. In the enchanted land, where beggars sing by the roadside and the upper classes sun themselves in their cafes, and experience such a joy of life as we of colder climes may never know, we may learn much; we can teach nothing. This, at least, is our opinion, founded upon a considerable experience of Spain; and we cannot help thinking that had Mr. Wood shared the opinion, he would have written a work more enduring than the one before us, which, though it may be read with pleasure and profit, leaves much unsaid.

In "Monica Grey" Lady Hely-Hutchinson has set herself a difficult task. While the motto of the book runs as follows: "In the measure that thou seekest to do thy duty, thou shalt know what is in thee. And what is thy duty? The demand of the present hour"—the writer analyses with a good deal of skill the character of a woman who, while high-minded, pure, and God-fearing, allows herself, though an apparently happy wife and mother, to drift into a hopeless platonic love-affair with a cripple. The character of Lady Monica Grey has evidently been clearly realised by the writer, and some of the scenes are not without force and restraint. A touch of more literary skill, and this little story might have taken rank with Lady Ridley's "The Story of Aline." But there is, especially as regards the art of story-telling, such a thing as literary convention. Lady Hely-Hutchinson's conversations between her principal characters, far from being unnatural or stilted, are almost too true to life, and "Monica Grey" would have greatly gained in value had the writer gone over the manuscript with a blue pencil, striking out such sentences—and they abound—as "Now you must have some tea," she said, as the servant approached with the tray. And again, "I ordered dinner on the terrace, Francis; it will be ready in about a quarter of an hour." The professional novelist soon learns that this kind of thing is the worst possible way of marking time. It is, however, evident that much thought and, what is more, careful work have been put into "Monica Grey," and Lady Hely-Hutchinson may yet do something noteworthy in the way of fiction, especially if she will ask and take the advice of some professional story-writer, and rare is the man or woman who knows not nowadays one such.

In "The Princess of Copper," Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter begins in the Rocky Mountains, and we could wish that he had remained there. Not that we admire Mr. Gunter in the Rockies, or anywhere else, but at least he is not so ineffable in the "prehistoric hell" (as he calls it) of the Green-stained Cañon as he is in the Waldorf-Astoria and the "great city after dark." The mining-town looking on at Shot-gun Mines chasing Pueblo Jo round a wood-pile "to blow the stuffing out of the varmint" is not very edifying, but we should have to employ a stronger word than we care to use to describe some of the later scenes in New York City. It is of no use to expend indignation over this book. There may be some readers who will like it. We imagine that such will call it a "hummer." But we are hopeful enough to believe that they will be few.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. GILES.

The windows were bricked up and sand-bagged, and the roof of the quarters longholed.



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. L. R. BARR.

It will be noticed that they carry their rifles over their shoulders, holding them by the muzzle.

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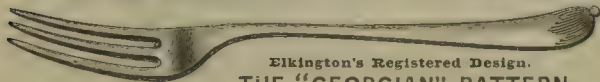
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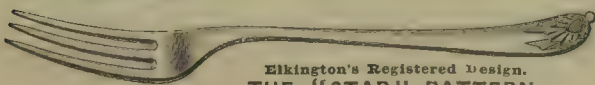
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LADIES' PAGES.

I am taking my usual new season trip to Paris, and enjoying myself in buying my own things and in studying the latest of coming fashions for my dear readers. The charming novel trifles of dress strike one first in Paris; it is in the finishing touches that the French are so clever. A new belt covers the counters, and is selling as fast as the pulley-belt did at the beginning of summer. This winter invention is made in very wide piece elastic, just the sort of thing that is used for side-spring boots for men, but with a silky surface. It is supplied in all colours to match the blouse with which it is to be worn, and holds very firmly and yet comfortably to the figure; the belts are made shaped if wished, some to fit down over the top of the skirt and prevent gaping there. Many are studded all over with steel or gold nail-head ornaments; others are finished with a deep buckle at the back and another to match in front. Shaded leather and suede belts are also fashionable, and are to be had here in almost every tone of colour. Belts of every kind are studded with the nail-head ornaments just mentioned, and the clasps are usually in the "nouveau art" that Paris has gone mad over. This is of coloured enamel mixed with gold; the gold itself is artistically toned to harmonise with the enamel, such as being of a very bright yellow, or dull of surface. The ornaments are so far from really "nouveau" that they are exactly the sort of thing that one sees in old Italian and French court collections; but they are renewed, which serves as well as real newness. The combination of the colours of the enamel, the artistic workings of the designs, and the intermingling of gold and sometimes of jewels makes these ornaments very attractive, and most smart Parisiennes are at this moment wearing "l'art nouveau" in some form. Pendants hanging on long chains, the gold filigree links of which are interspersed with "art nouveau" links; similar pendants on short chains, so that the ornament rests on the bosom; buckles on cravats and ties; ends to ribbon-velvet throatlets, and waist-belt clasps and buckles are all ways of displaying the craze of the moment. Like many other things, these "nouveau art" ornaments are, properly speaking, articles of real jewellery, costing from two hundred to a thousand or more francs, but may be had in imitation, looking almost as good at a glance as the others, only sold for a few francs.

There is a great fancy for tags and ends of ribbon or of the material on dresses, and these are usually finished by gold filigree ornaments or by plain gold tags like the ends of bootlaces. The notion of carrying all trimming to a point and terminating it with a gold finish is also a note of the moment. Some of the boleros have long fronts brought to a point several inches below the waist, and finished off with an ornament of gold, or with a medallion made of the trimming material ending with a few loops or strands of the same, or of ribbon or velvet, each end tagged with gold. The same idea is seen at the ends of the stitchings that hold down the folds of the skirt in place; or at the



A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN GOWN.

fastening-points of boleros. Medallions are another very fashionable style of trimming. The tailor-gown as we know it is an English creation, and Frenchwomen who like the style often send to our tailors for it; but the cloth and tweed dresses prepared for the tasteful Parisienne to wear in lieu of our tailor-mades are made with plain skirts and boleros of fanciful style or decoration to relieve the severity. After my round of the smart houses, I shall have more information to give on many points. French taste is so good, and its exercise is so courageous, that Paris still leads the world in dress, though it has not a Court to encourage fashion.

One of the things that they manage better in France is the settlement of disputed dressmakers' accounts. An authority in the world of dress-manufacture tells me that the question is not vaguely and capriciously voted upon as in England by a jury, but is referred by a judge to an expert; and the expert in his turn is not allowed to guess at the proper price that should have been charged, but is legally bound to proceed in a business-like manner. He first forms his opinion, it is true, as to the reasonableness of the charges of the dressmaker, and if both parties agree to accept the amount he advises, further expense is saved. But if required by either side, the expert then proceeds to examine the books of the dressmaker to find out the precise prime cost of the whole of the materials employed. To this he has to add sixty per cent.; that is supposed to cover, as regards thirty-five per cent. of it, the cost of the workmanship; as regards 14 per cent. of it, the establishment expenses, rent, advertising, saleswomen, and so forth; and the remaining eleven per cent. is the very moderate profit allowed to the directing head of the concern as what political economists call "wages of superintendence." This seems eminently reasonable, and must secure justice to both parties. Of course the considerable fee to the expert is paid with the rest of the costs, by the judge's order, by the side that was most in the wrong—the extortionate dressmaker or the unreasonable customer, as the case may be.

In contrast with the wild dream-like banquet to twenty thousand French Provincial Mayors and Councillors at Paris, a little exposition banquet of some three hundred girls must needs seem insignificant. But the social problem that the latter represent is at least as serious as any that will come before Municipal Councils. The girls are members of the "Société de la Dotation," a combination of charity and encouragement to thrift. Its object is to assist parents of the poorer class to save for their daughters the dowry that French custom makes inevitable in forming a respectable marriage arrangement. The parents contribute in small sums, collected from them monthly by the society, a total of only four or five pounds, and the society undertakes, if the payments have been regularly made, to find the girl when her marriage is settled a dowry of twenty pounds. The wife of the President of the Republic is one of the patronesses; and another of these ladies is the Empress of

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Russia, who gave her support to many French charities on the occasion of her visit to France. It is interesting to learn incidentally that the Czarina dispenses so much in charity as to require to employ a special lady secretary, bearing the title of Directress of the Imperial Charities, whose office is to disburse and oversee the employment of her Majesty's gifts. A French lady has presented to the Société de la Dotation a fine country-house for use as an asylum for the girls who become total orphans during the period before their dowry becomes due. The whole enterprise seems most beneficial; and the three hundred girls who attended the society's banquet are said to have been evidently happy about their position. In Denmark, there is a society of the reverse kind to that described above. The Danish society is one expressly to endow the spinsters. The parents pay into a fund, but those whose daughters marry receive no benefit from their payments. Those members who remain single at a certain age—pretty advanced; fifty, I think—have the whole amount of their own and their contemporaries' payments pooled and divided among the unmarried, to provide them with small annuities. A combination of the two systems would be a novel description of assurance that, if only it were successfully carried out, would be a real blessing to many women in this country.

Among the "everything" that is going up in price are two items of increase that can hardly be attributed to the war. One is the necessary currant of our cakes and buns; the second is the doll that is supposed to be essential to the happiness of female childhood. The latter hardly matters; the child capable of the imaginative feat of supposing the smartest thing of wax and wood to be a baby can equally extend the imagination to suppose a rag-doll a delightful toy. But the dearthness of currants is a difficulty in supplying a useful dietetic item. Many writers on diet in the country where it is perforce more studied than here, because indigestion is in the climate, the United States, assert that dried fruits contain nerve-food of the most valuable kind. They state that currants and raisins are concentrated essences of valuable qualities which are obtained only in small part in the wines that the same fruits might have been used to manufacture. Two very high authorities on food in this country—Sir Henry Thompson and the late Sir Benjamin Richardson—have given their testimony to the actual value as food of dried fruits. Dr. Richardson maintained that to eat a handful of raisins was a better stimulant to a tired man than to drink a glass of wine. So we must not abandon the children's favourite currant duff or the dessert almonds and raisins easily, even if they are "going up," for they are not simply luxuries.

We English housewives are perhaps not studious enough about food, its nutritive value, and its various methods of preparation; yet no subject can be more important. Why should game be almost always presented roasted in this country—as it is where there is but a good plain cook to deal with it? Of course, if it be a rare luxury, the diners



A SMART SEASONABLE COSTUME.

do not get tired of it roasted; but when it can appear often, why not try the frequent change that the French cooks will give? Such a dish, for instance, as the hotel chef has just served me at dinner—*perdreux aux choux*. Possibly the chef thought the birds looked old, and knew that if that were the case he could make them perfect by this method of cooking. It is a simple enough dish, belonging essentially to the *haute cuisine bourgeoise*, yet it appears sometimes in the menu of the wealthy. You cut some fat bacon in thickish strips and fry it in a little butter in a stew-pan till it is brown; put two birds, trussed whole, breast down, on the bacon and fry them too till the breasts are brown; then add a little stock, just enough to cover the birds, with a tablespoonful of browned flour mixed in it, a stick or two of celery, a little minced shallot or onion, a small carrot sliced, any trimmings that may be at hand of fresh meat or chicken, and three pork sausages; stew very softly for three-quarters of an hour, turning the birds over now and then. Meantime, boil a big Savoy cabbage, squeeze it perfectly dry, chop up, taking away the stalk, and put it at the bottom of a saucepan; take out the partridges and lay them on the cabbage, then skim very carefully and strain clear the sauce in which they have boiled, and pour it over the whole in the saucepan; simmer again for ten minutes; then dish up with the cabbage under and round the birds, garnished with the bacon and the sausages cut up, and the sauce poured over; a few drops of browning in it, or a little Liebig if the sauce is not a good enough colour without it. I do not deny that it is better if the birds are larded, and if a ladleful of espagnole sauce is added to the gravy; but it is very good just as I have given above.

Quite simple, is it not? Yet your average "good plain cook" may never have heard of it. But tell her about it, and she will do it with pleasure if she be worth keeping. Awaiting the happy day when our cooks come to us with certificates of competency from their training-school, we mistresses must take our individual places and understand our own business better. I have never once found a cook otherwise than pleased to try new dishes (on the understanding that I did not scold if she failed on first trial) or to learn anything that I could teach her. It is true the servant of a friend of mine did once say to her mistress, who was instructing her: "It's easy to see, Ma'am, that you was once a cook yourself"; and they say that the Australian servants advertise in this way: "Only a respectful mistress, willing to leave her servant alone in the performance of her duties, need apply." But I have always found a marked increase of respect follow the revelation of my domestic capacities to new servants, and perfect willingness on their part to accept teaching. Of course, nothing could be more irritating than the interference of an ignorant mistress with a fully trained servant. But it is the place of a mistress to apply her better-educated brain and greater leisure for study to the understanding of her own domestic economy, and then kindly and graciously to help her maids to understand also, and so to do the best work of which they are capable. FILOMENA.

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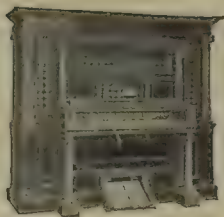
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There used to be a prejudice against photographs. Nowadays no one thinks of disputing the absolute artistic standing of a modern photograph.

Labour-saving thought has been a little late in reaching music, although competent observers have long foreseen that eventually some form of automatic instruments would come to do the work of human fingers. The new direction of pianism is towards playing with the brain and feelings instead of with fingers only, which is all that a hopeless majority of players ever attain to.

The mechanism of the Aeolian merely produces the notes. The expression, shading, tone-coloring, tempo, etc., are supplied by the performer.

When we say expression we do not mean the intense personal qualification that a Paderewski gives to music played on the piano. The Aeolian will not give you this. This kind of expression can be infused into worthless music without losing much of its effect. It is a sort of personal eloquence, and the interest is as much a human interest as a musical one.

But there is another kind of eloquence that lies in the notation to the music—the eloquence of musical thought. In this—the very kernel of music—the performer counts for less and the music more.

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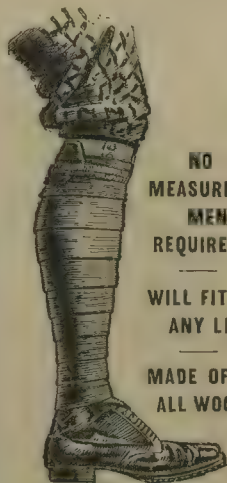
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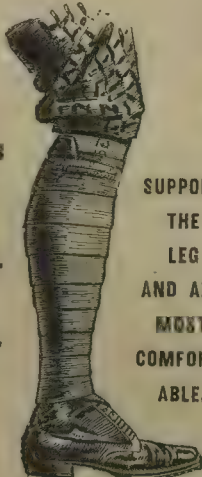
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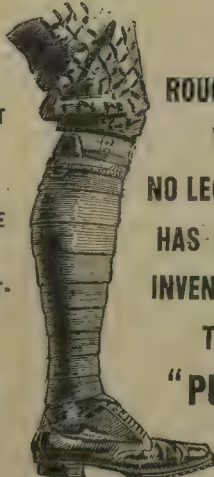
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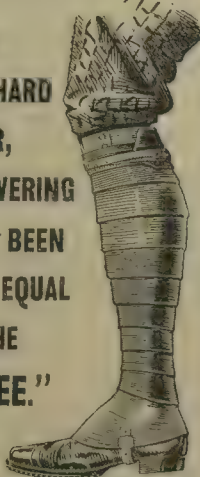
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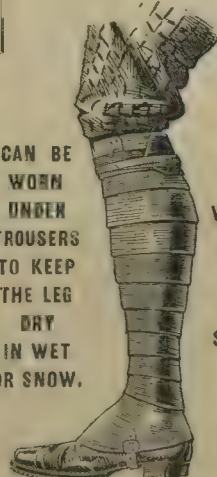
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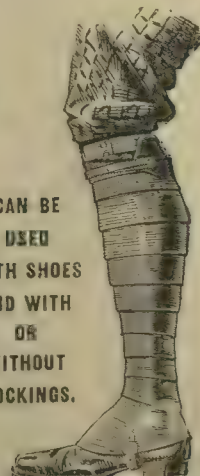
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 29, 1900) of Mr. Henry Rogers, of 60, Eccleston Square, S.W., who died on June 15, eldest son of the late Henry Rogers, of Stagenhoe Park, Herts, was proved on Oct. 3 by John Rogers, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £201,811. The testator gives £20,000, upon trust, for his two nephews, the sons of his brothers John and Thomas; £10,000 each to his nephews the Rev. Henry Rogers and Frederick Seymour Rogers, the sons of his deceased brother Richard; £2000 each to his nine nieces; £100 to Louisa Fanny Best; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third each to his brothers John and Thomas, and one third to his nephews the Rev. Henry Rogers and Frederick Seymour Rogers.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1892), with two codicils (dated Oct. 29, 1896, and Aug. 1, 1899), of Mr. Augustus Bird, of Eynham Lodge, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, who died on April 13, was proved on Oct. 6 by Augustus Henry Bird, John Bird, and Stephen Bird, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £177,909. The testator gives £550 each to his four children; £100 extra £100 to his daughter Gertrude; an annuity of £300 each to his sons; annuities of £200 each to his daughters, and an additional £150 per annum to his daughter Gertrude, until her marriage or the distribution of his estate; his furniture and household effects between all his

children; and his wines and stores to his sons. The residue of his property is to be held upon sundry trusts, one third for his daughters, but the share of each daughter is not to exceed £10,000, and subject thereto for all his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated May 5, 1899) of Mr. John Bertram Clayton, J.P., D.L., of Chesters, Northumberland, who died on April 8, was proved on Sept. 25 at the Newcastle District Registry by Richard Clayton, the uncle, and Frederick George Hugh Clayton, the cousin, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £144,504. The testator gives all his household effects and personal articles to his wife, Mrs. Florence Octavia Clayton. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life, and then, upon other trusts, for his daughters Eleanor and Diana Pauline.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1897) of Mr. William Pryce Michell, J.P., D.L., of Holwell, Whitechurch, Devon, who died on April 10, has been proved by the Rev. Percy Turner Michell and George Bosley Martin, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £131,809. The testator gives £1000 for the endowment of the southern aisle of Whitechurch Church; £1000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Whitechurch, upon trust, to keep in repair the vault, monuments, and painted windows erected in the memory of the Scobell and Michell family; and to apply the surplus income for the poor of good

character, to be distributed on Christmas Day; £1000 to the Tavistock Cottage Hospital; £20,000 to the Rev. Percy Turner Michell; £7500 each to Cecilia Ellen Turner Michell and Mrs. Susan Turner Martin; £1400 to Mrs. Ellen Downes; £1000 each to Ada Dickenson and Mrs. Elliott West; £1000 to the Rev. John Scobell, and £500 each to his two sons by his first wife; and many other legacies. He devises his freehold property in Devon and Cornwall to the Rev. P. T. Michell. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to the Rev. Percy Turner Michell, and the other moiety as to one fourth each to Cecilia Ellen Turner Michell and Susan Turner Martin, and one fourth each to the Miners' Hospital, Redruth, and the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, Plymouth.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1885) of Mr. Joshua Saunders, of Sutton House, Clifton Down, Bristol, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Sept. 20 by James Carr Saunders, the son, and Richard Jones, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £56,753. Subject to legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his four children, James Carr Saunders, Mrs. Mary Magdalene Robinson, Georgiana Saunders, and Emma Saunders, in equal shares. Provision was made for his wife, Mrs. Mary Magdalene Saunders, but it would appear that she predeceased him.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1899) of Mr. William Colclough, of 103, Central Hill, Upper Norwood, who died on Sept. 3,

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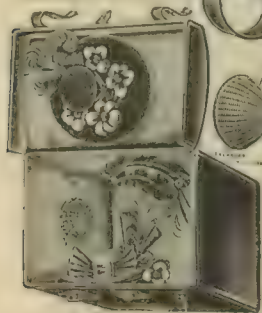
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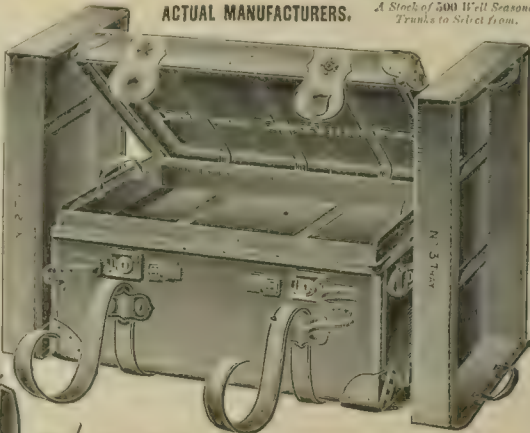
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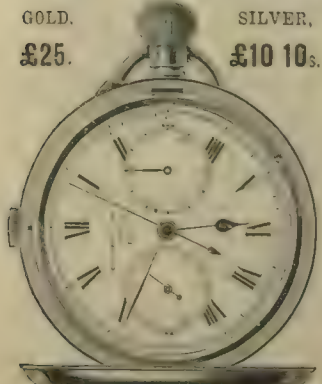
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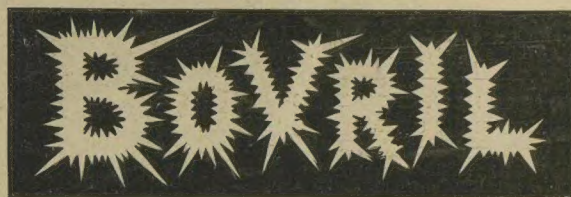
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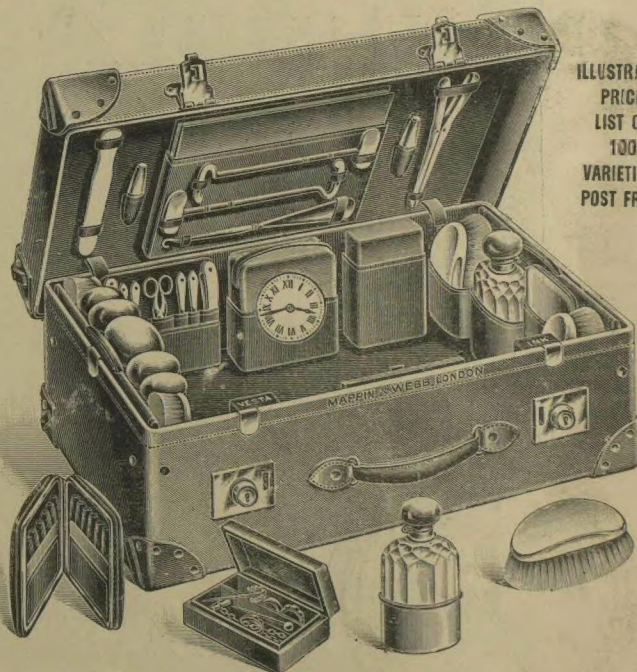
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was proved on Oct. 14 by Mrs. Frances Coleclough, the widow, George Dudley Coleclough, the son, and John Richards Manning, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,387. The testator gives £200 each to Guy's Hospital and the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood; £100 to the Norwood Cottage Hospital; £200 and his furniture and personal effects to his wife; £1000 to his son-in-law Thomas Jennings junior, of Newmarket; £4000 to his daughter Mrs. Ada Frances Jennings; £5000 to his daughter Ila Lucy; £4000 each to his sons George Dudley and William Frank; £500 to his daughter-in-law Irene; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his four children.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1893) of Mr. Charles Hoskins Low, J.P., of Towerhurst, Leigh Woods, Somerset, who died on March 11, has been proved by Ernest Edward Winter Low and Harry Percy Low, the sons, and Thomas

Watkins Baker, the executors, the value of the estate being £43,634 11s. 4d. Subject to a legacy of £500 to Rebecca Kate Worsley Richards, the testator leaves all his property between his children.

The will of Sir Malcolm Fraser, K.C.M.G., late Agent-General for Western Australia, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Oct. 4 by Charles Henry Ommanney and Alexander Matheson, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £2363.

The will of Sir Charles Sargent, late Chief Justice of Bombay, of 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, who died on June 21, has been proved by Dame Helena Lovett Souter, the executrix, the value of the estate being £5405.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Lewis, J.P., of 12, Grosvenor Place, Bath, newspaper proprietor, who died on June 6, have been proved by Harold Lewis and

Egbert Lewis, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £12,447.

The will of Mr. William Herbert Evans, J.P., D.L., of Forde Abbey, Chard, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Oct. 6 by Sir Arthur Nonus Birch, K.C.M.G., one of the executors, the value of the estate being £3153.

Professor Shuttleworth is now reported to be going on well. He began to improve about two months ago, and there is good reason to hope that he may make a satisfactory recovery.

Messrs. Frost and Reed, of 8, Clare Street, Bristol, have just issued a set of their engravings, by Douglas Adams and C. Whymper, depicting the sport of "Pheasant Shooting," and a set of three, by Kilburne, illustrating "Fox Hunting." Both series are excellent.

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Mr. Hoole's title, "Attempts in Verse" (Rivingtons), is so deprecating, has about it such a mitigating plea of "only a very little one" (so to speak), that one feels qualms in uttering the unaccommodating truth. Yet one does not hesitate to "place" a racehorse because it has an unassuming name; and Mr. Hoole's horse, after all, is squarely entered for the running, and must take its chance with the rest in the great literary stakes. It must be said that of the several qualifications for poetry Mr. Hoole has one. We may take it upon our conscience, after careful examination, that in "Cæcilus" (Mr. Hoole's principal poem) there are ten syllables to the line, which is the average number required for blank verse. But further than this we cannot assert. It was lately discovered that the war-correspondent of the *Daily*

News had unconsciously been writing prose which could be printed as blank verse. By a parallel hap, Mr. Hoole has unconsciously written blank verse which could be printed as prose—without any risk of detection. See whether this be blank verse: "But how came you to hear of it? Our faith is kept a secret, for the Roman sword is set against us, and we have to wait for milder times and liberty of faith." I told them all the story of my doubt, my sad secluded youth, and all the care that came upon me at a later time, when no religion seemed to satisfy, no system to convince; and how I heard that a new faith had risen in Palestine, which taught the truth and showed a newer life." Or see whether this be not prose—

Next day I saw the promised scene, and came
With Alice and Nicetas to the church.
It stood outside the city, plain without,

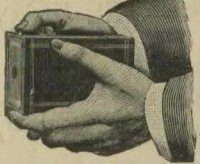
But fair within, where marble columns led
To the tribunal, where the presbyters
Sat with the bishop, while the deacons stood
On either side ready for service due.

Yet both are average specimens, taken without any attempt to select the most unfavourable; and both are (in the original) printed as blank verse. Nor is there anything in the poem to redeem the pale flow of such pedestrian verse. The miscellaneous poems are of like calibre—

The Alpine heights seem fair and gay
Viewed from the distant plain,
But those who climb the rocky way
Oft come not back again.

And so forth. There is nothing technically to condemn; but there is nothing also to praise. Verse, perhaps—but poetry. . . ?

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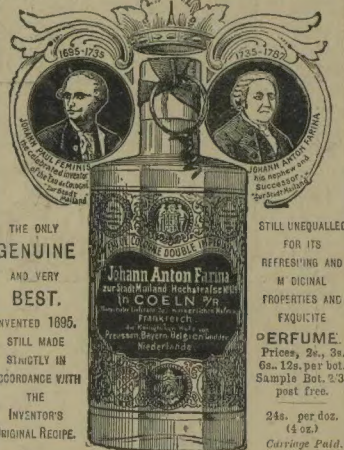
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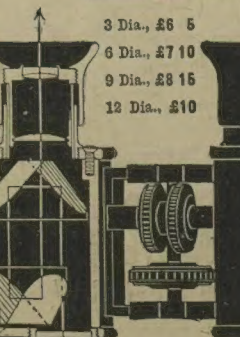
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